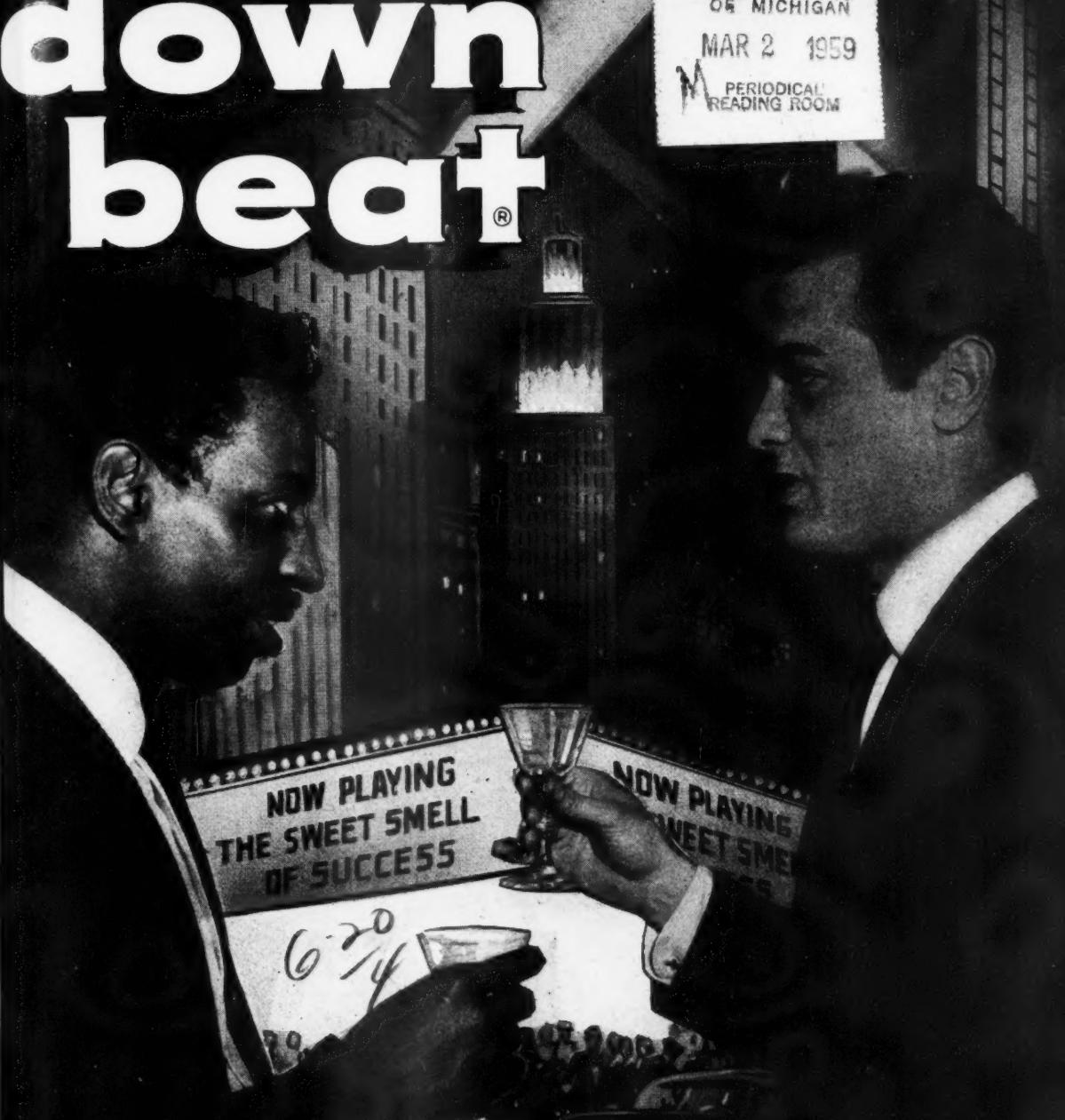


DAVE BRUBECK What Makes Him Tick
(Pt. 2)

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Into The Trash Heap . . .

Coatesville, Pa.

To the Editor:

Mr. (John) Mehegan's comments on Dave Brubeck leave me with no other choice than to assume that he is musically defunct. He is still groping in the dark ages of jazzdom by not giving credit to the man who has brought jazz out of a rut and into national acclaim.

Dave's music is fresh, alive, pulsating, and completely enjoyable, which is more than I can say about that trashy article. And you know that Brubeck and MJQ are really going places. As for this article, it is also going places—right in the trash heap where it belongs.

"Steaming" Klugman

Think! Mr. Mehegan . . .

San Francisco, Calif.

To the Editor:

I have been a reader of your magazine since 1937, and I feel that *Down Beat* has been a friend and teacher anent my love and appreciation for jazz. I, of course, have not agreed with

everything written in your various departments due, probably, to the fact that my tastes are somewhat catholic in that I like Morton, Hines, Waller, Wilson, Tatum, Tristano, Garner, among pianists; Morton, Oliver Armstrong, Bix, Bunny, Goodman, Basie, Ellington, Lunceford, Holiday, O'Day, Bessie, Mulligan, Parker, Hawkins, Carter, Hodges among many more.

I feel that my liking and feeling for what is modern, progressive or "way out" (as long as it is blue or swings) is founded on my liking and appreciation of the earlier styles. In short, as long as the core, the roots of the mainstream are in evidence, regardless of jazz style, then I'm for it.

I have just read the article on Brubeck by John Mehegan in the June 27 issue. The last paragraph is the reason for this letter, and I quote:

"Dave's group is now so musically ingrown that any thought of its going anywhere is pointless, but since it really did not come from anywhere why should it go anywhere?"

In that paragraph there is no honesty, no integrity, no true criticism and negates completely Mr. Mehegan's authority as a critic to be read by me. As a critic, it is his complete right to like or not to like a given jazz style or even the jazzman playing the style in question. To take advantage of the medium of the press to vent his feelings by injecting sarcasm and viciousness as in the paragraph quoted, and by the irrelevancy of mentioning Brubeck's income (and the implied lack of it by other musicians in relation to Brubeck's) as well as the cover story on *Time* magazine, clearly shows Mr. Mehegan to be a man who judges jazz artistry and sincerity by the irrelevant size of a man's income and by the fact that said jazzman has been the subject of a cover story of a responsible magazine. Think! Think! Think! Mr. Mehegan. You, sir, are harming jazz seriously.

Mr. Mehegan's statement that Brubeck fans usually like Garner, then Don Shirley, and maybe MJQ but usually ignore mainline jazz is one of the most narrow and ignorant statements I've ever read by a jazz critic, Panassie excluded.

That statement is a fine example of an utterly smug assumption of no value and it only helps to underline all the more what is becoming increasingly evident: that an honest, direct, sincere, dedicated jazz critic is a large diamond of more than material worth amongst the small pieces of glass who call themselves jazz critics.

Let a critic like or not like a given style or musician. Let him instruct, guide, explain, advise, compare, but also let him keep in mind the intelligence of his readers who see no necessity or value in a critic who is smug, snide, vicious, and who uses irrelevancy as a lever to drive home his point.

Brubeck is no favorite of mine. I have only one LP by him (*Jazz Impressions of the U.S.A.*). I like it. Is this because I like Garner? If so, how about the fact that I like Morton, Waller, Tristano, etc.?

This could go on and on, but may I also say that the course of time will take care of Brubeck's place in jazz as well as take care of Mehegan's critical aim and importance as a jazz critic.

John J. Brown

The Horrible Piano

York, Pa.

To the Editor:

Here is a copy of a letter which will explain itself.

Attn: Mgr., Hershey Pk. Ballroom, Hershey, Pa.

Dear Sir:

Last Saturday night was my first visit to your newly decorated ballroom. I want to congratulate you on Hershey Pk. Ballroom as being one of the most beautiful I have ever seen or played in. I enjoyed the music of Stan Kenton very much for one exception—the horrible piano.

It is an outright insult to any musician to have to try to play a piano such as the one that sits on the bandstand in the ballroom.

I know that Stan Kenton was very much perturbed, and I am sure you heard about it from him; as you did from Boyd Raeburn and Claude Thornhill.

I am sure you spent thousands of dollars redecorating the ballroom, but (Continued on Page 6)

BIG MAN ON DRUMS

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is no honest criticism. Mr. Mehegan's article was read by me, complete right to the jazz style or the style in stage of the event his feelings and vicious quoted, and mentioning Brumley implied lack of relation to the cover story which shows Mr. Crosby judges jazz as irrelevant by the fact in the subject sensible magazine! Mr. Mehegan jazz se-

nt that Brumley, Garner, then UJQ but usually one of the best statements critic, Panassie

the example of position of no one to underline increasing honest, direct, music is a large material worth of glass who

like a given him instruct, compare, but all the intelligence see no necessity who is smug, irrelevancy this point.

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York, Pa. or which will . Ballroom,

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was very in sure you as you did Claude Thorn- thousands of ballroom, but Einstien.

the first chorus

By Jack Tracy

A RECENT STATEMENT by Bing Crosby on the lamentable state of the music we hear on the air today achieved wide circulation. Not that a lot of people haven't been talking about it for some time now, but it took the blasting by someone of Crosby's prominence to shake up the bag, but good.

Most of the songs we hear today are trash, said Crosby.

Just for kicks, I did some reference to see if some strong substantiation for his beef could be found.

Here are the results.

TWENTY YEARS AGO, in 1937, these were among the most popular songs of the year: *A Foggy Day; I Can Dream, Can't I?; I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm; I See Your Face Before Me; The Lady Is a Tramp; Let's Call the Whole Thing Off; Nice Work If You Can Get It; September in the Rain; That Old Feeling; Too Marvelous for Words*, and *Where or When*. There were quite a few more of that caliber.

Ten years ago—1947—the standard had already fallen off, but still hitting the big popularity lists were such as *Almost Like Being in Love; Ask Anyone Who Knows; A Fellow Needs a Girl; But Beautiful; Beyond the Sea; The Gentleman Is a Dope; Ivy; So Far, and There But for You Go I.*

Now leave us take a look at today's big songs. *Love Letters in the Sand* is hot. Nick and Charles Kenny and J. Fred Coots wrote it in 1931, when it was even bigger. Jimmy Dorsey's *So Rare* was leading most lists at this writing. It was introduced in 1937. Then we get to the real gems of this year—*The Four Walls; Little Darlin'; All Shook Up; White Sport Coat; I'm Walkin'; A Teenager's Romance; Freight Train; Teddy Bear; Start Moving; Young Blood; Gone*, and so on down the line.

CAN YOU IMAGINE any one of those becoming a standard? Can you picture a singer stepping in front of an audience 10 years from now and sing, "M-m-m, I'm all shook up?"

Somebody in the record business should initiate some sort of award and present it to Columbia, because if they hadn't started the LP business, we might have no place to turn today for escape. If we had to rely on the singles that are being issued for our musical diet, the mental institutions undoubtedly would become even more jammed than they are.

DON'T MISUNDERSTAND. I'm not saying that some good music isn't being written these days. It's just that you can't hear it anywhere on the radio. How many times in the couple of years since it's been written, for example, have you heard anyone play a recording of *That's All? Or My One and Only Love?*

Crosby may not be the most profound gentleman in the world, but in this instance he sounded like another Einstein.

El Bingo, saludos!



down beat.

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MUSIC NEWS

Duke Ellington at the Stratford Festival; Erroll Garner playing in a rainstorm; a big band to be formed by Bill Russo, and a European trip for the Harry James band are part of the regular news roundup that starts on page 9.

FEATURES

THE NEWPORT FESTIVAL: FULL COVERAGE

More than four pages of text on the world's biggest jazz show.

BILL RUSSO: A CROSS-SECTION

Second in a series of interesting portraits of musicians. By Don Gold.

CHICO HAMILTON: COVER STORY

The time came when I knew I had to be a leader, says Chico. By Jack Tracy.

DAVE BRUBECK: TOO FAR OUT?

The second part of a revealing series on a complex man. By Ralph J. Gleason.

LEROY VINEGAR: MAN WITH A PROBLEM

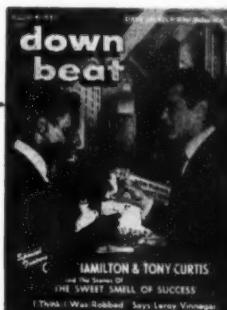
I think Shelly Manne gave me a raw deal, is bassist's claim. By John Tynan.

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On The Cover

One of the most rapidly-climbing jazz groups since the Modern Jazz Quartet sprung to prominence has been Chico Hamilton's quintet. Most recent major exposure is the group's appearance in the Tony Curtis-Burt Lancaster starrer, *Sweet Smell of Success*, now showing nationally. Chico and Tony offer a salute to mutual success on this issue's cover. See Chico's story on page 13, plus a review of the film on 35 in *Filmland Up Beat*.

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you couldn't spend a few bucks to get the piano tuned.

I don't know if you know it or not but because a piano looks like one it doesn't always sound like one.

Please get it tuned.

Richard D. Fry

Adjectives, Adjectives . . .

San Francisco, Calif.

To the Editor:

Where does Lee Konitz get his "holier than thou" attitude? I don't know the man, but surely he doesn't carry this kind of a chip on his shoulder all the time!

The adjectives used were surely unnecessary in his review (?) of *The Blindfold Test* records in *Down Beat* July 11. Even Leonard Feather, I felt, in his notes was forced to try and excuse the harshness of Konitz' criticism . . . "Because Lee Konitz is unusually capable of self-analysis on a music level . . ." His remarks regarding the Australian Jazz Quintet's cluttering up a good tune! I feel that that may well be a matter of personal taste, depending just what you consider cluttered and how much cluttering you prefer in your music, but, "It doesn't sound like jazz to me." . . . What kind of remark is that? Surely the present time is one of the most evolutionary periods we've seen in jazz! Would Mr. Konitz please tell me just what is jazz?

As for the Hall of Fume crack at Kurt Edelhagen's *Tenderly*, I thought it utterly unfantastically unfunny (if I may borrow Mr. Konitz' adjectives)!

Diana Grayson

Gladly . . .

Lenox, Mass.

To the Editor:

In the June 27 issue of *Down Beat* on Page 14 under the year 1943 you forgot to mention the death of one of the greatest of all time musicians, namely Thomas (Fats) Waller.

I might add you mentioned many events from 1934 to 1945 that were of very small importance to the less of one as great as Fats.

Suggest you correct this oversight lest myself and many other Waller fans cancel their subscriptions.

Thanks!

Dick Hurlburt

Hurray For Nick . . .

Fort Worth, Texas

To the Editor:

If all the disc jockeys in the jazz field were praised, it would take some time. But one is taking on the job of starting jazz in Texas, which is long overdue. Starting jazz in Texas will probably be as hard as converting a jazz artist into the hillbilly field. Not that all Texans are square, but you can't dig if you can't hear.

Undertaking this job is Nicholas Anthony Ford III, *Melody in Modern*, on radio station KGKO, Texas, limited to six hours a week, Sunday 6 p.m. to midnight. Nick has pulled the show through many a hardship to organize jazz for Dallas and the surrounding territories. This in itself is a unique achievement.

Nick has gone all the way now. A jazz club is to form, as well as arrangement for more live jazz. I say, "Hurray for Nick Ford. We need more cats like him."

B. C. Fowler

barry ulanov

SEVERAL TIMES IN THE last 10 years, Dizzy Gillespie has put together a large band with imagination and fire. He has found himself a number of striking soloists and a book of fresh and swinging scores for them and himself and others who have wandered through the band to blow.

Several times it has looked — and sounded — as if Dizzy had finally achieved his majority as a leader. He seemed to have it: if not one of the greatest of the big ones, then surely something very close to it.

Each time the bubble has burst. Sometimes it was, as the familiar phrase goes, due to circumstances beyond Dizzy's control—financial, or personality problems. Sometimes it was simply impossible, for all the talent involved, to get a proper ensemble sound, a solid attack, an even intonation; the performances were extraordinarily inconsistent.

And then every once in a while Dizzy himself seemed to foul things up: he wouldn't or couldn't stop clowning; a sense of humor at once brilliant and charming and nagging cut through everything his band did; it was quite impossible to take him or his band or his music seriously.

THE LATEST Gillespie band appears to be free of most of those defects. One almost dares to make wild predictions for it. Once again Dizzy gives the impression of having organized a band of remarkable potentialities and one not so far from the highest rank in its actual achievement, in what it does right now and the way it does it.

There is, then, some basis for confidence in this band. This is not entirely a "promising" outfit. Many of the great expectations have been and are being fulfilled. Whether or not this band comes in time to rank with 1945-1946 Woody Herman, 1940-1943 Duke Ellington, and 1936-1938 Benny Goodman, it is a joy to have around today. At least a small celebration is in order this year. We have a big band of quality with us once more.

YOU CAN'T MISS the quality—at least when you hear the band live, blowing around the corner table or straight at you across the dance floor. You can't miss it within the first 12 or 16 or 32 bars of hearing it.

It has that kind of contagious excitement that all the great powerhouses have had. The sections move, especially the brass, move with a beat and a boldness that spell big-band distinction. There is a vitality here verging—and not at all unhappily—on the impudent; it insinuates its way into sloppy ballads, pushes through interesting conversations, demands to be heard. This is a big band.

You can't miss the promise any more than you can the fulfillment. It's in the supple, resourceful, authorita-

tive trumpeting of young Lee Morgan, a musician with the late Clifford Brown's kind of ease on his horn and generous melodic gifts as well.

It's in the modern barrelhouse trombone playing of Al Gray, who could, I think, develop into a latter-day Bill Harris, thoroughly of this era but with a kind of Dixieish sense of humor.

It's in the delicately shaded, deftly played piano solos of Wynton Kelly.

YOU CAN'T MISS the suggestion of important music still to come in the scores of Quincy Jones and Duke Jordan and Pete Hansen, to mention just a few whose writing I heard the band pick up and swing across and up and down and around Birdland.

And you can't miss for a moment the solid conviction that this is big-band music, music that only a dozen and a half musicians can make sense of, not merely an inflated small group, with elaborate doubling and sheer volume the only justifications for all the extra men on the stand. The writing makes use of the sections, not only of the size of sound they offer but also of the diversity. This has to be a big band.

Just how good this big band is and will be depends on its leader.

Gillespie makes the difference between well-organized big band power and highly distinguished jazz. His solos, much too infrequent for my taste, add a grace to a performance—any performance—that one finds oneself listening for and looking forward to as one does only for the most talented and unchallenged improvisers. His vocals, just about the right number for my taste, add a wit to a set that one finds very satisfying after a particularly sentimental ballad or an especially loud excursion in riffs. His original contributions to the band's library, all too few for my taste, add a depth to the music which only works commissioned and carefully supervised by Gillespie can possibly match.

IT'S EASY ENOUGH to see that the band's greatest asset—Dizzy—is its most considerable limitation.

He is its title to greatness or its guarantee of ordinariness. Upon his energies and wisdom and day-in, day-out seriousness depends the band's future.

Thus far, at least, his resources have been well spent and well conserved, as needed. This may very well turn out to be the big band of this era, the big band of a big man.

No, Mann, No

New York—Musician patrons at Junior's, already acquainted with such rhyming groups as those headed by Jay and Kai, and Phil and Quill, are muttering into their steins at rumors of a possible trombone-flute team.

Urbie and Herbie, of course.

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NEW YORK

JAZZ: Ella Fitzgerald started cutting a five-LP set of Duke Ellington's songs for Verve late in June. Backing Ella is Duke's band, with Dizzy Gillespie swelling Ellington's trumpet section to six members on many tracks . . . Vik will record Nat Pierce and his band with Buck Clayton featured on trumpet late this summer . . . Pianist-composer Bobby Scott split with ABC-Paramount and signed to cut LPs and singles as a jazzman and a pop singer on the Verve label . . . Jazztone is trying to swing a session with Louis Armstrong playing with Nat Pierce's band. Coral is giving pianist Johnny Costa a big pop buildup, a la Roger Williams . . . Chris Connor opened at the Bolero in Wildwood, N. J., late in June, kicking off the spot's new jazz policy . . . Turk Murphy opens the spiffy-new supper club, Bourbon Street, July 9 and will stay for several weeks, and possibly several months. Club is the first traditional jazz spot to open on the posh east side . . . Jimmy Giuffre played the first week of July at the Village Vanguard. The Modern Jazz Quartet followed for a three-week stay . . . Mayor Robert F. Wagner agreed to officially open the Great South Bay Jazz Festival July 19 on Long Island. Nat Hentoff was also set to be commentator for the five-concert series . . . Johnny Windhurst and Turk Murphy his group, featuring Pee Wee Russell, opened Monday night Dixieland concerts at the Bowden Square in Southampton, L.I., early in July. Scheduled to follow on upcoming Mondays were Stan Rubin and his Tigerown Five, Max Kaminsky and his group, Jimmy McPartland and a trio . . . Don Freedman is organizing a nationwide tour by the Stan Kenton band for the fall . . . Bobby Hackett and his group closed at the Henry Hudson hotel late in June, to reopen with "something new" Aug. 30. In between, the group does a week in Toronto, two in Detroit, one in Milwaukee, and a pair in Chicago . . . Victor will record a Lee Wiley LP with arrangements by Bill Finegan and Al Cohn. Duke Ellington set to represent jazz, and Roger Williams the pop scene in the Stony Brook Music Festival on July 27 and Aug. 3, respectively . . . Bob Zieff scored all the tunes for a Jack Nimitz-Bill Harris set on ABC-Paramount, with two violins, three cellos, Oscar Pettiford, Don Lamond, and guitarists Chuck Wayne, Jimmy Raney, and Kenny Burrell on the dates . . . Dave Brubeck mopped his brow opening night in Lower Basin Street in Greenwich Village while describing the close call he and his son had enroute to New York from San Francisco. One of the engines on their plane caught fire, but the ship landed without accident . . . Columbia will record the new Miles Davis group in July and August, after Miles returns from Atlantic City engagements . . . Randy Weston did a week at the Cafe Bohemia early in July before heading for Festival House, Lenox, Mass., where he has a Summer-long jazz location gig . . . Esoteric is repackaging several Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Christian 10-inch LPs for release as 12-inch records . . . Creed Taylor cut Jackie & Roy for ABC-Paramount on the west coast, with Bill Holman. In New York, he recorded Art Farmer with a string orchestra, with arrangements by Quincy Jones . . . Phineas Newborn was set for a short week at the new Lower Basin Street early in July. Scheduled to follow Newborn were George Shearing, Gene Krupa, Oscar Peterson, Stan Getz, and the Kai Winding group. The club opened late in June only for the summer, giving way to a theater-in-the-round operation Sept. 15 . . . London music magazines report that Gerry Mulligan will return to make London his permanent base of operations and only occasionally return to America to play. Gerry did hop back to England before the Festival, but as for staying, Mrs. Mulligan said he had commitments through November, when he would quite probably break up the quartet to go overseas for several months. Mulligan himself was unavailable for comment at presstime.

RADIO-TV: Rex Harrison will star in CBS-TV's 90-minute musical spectacular, Crescendo, Sept. 29 . . . Rosemary Clooney and Peggy Lee seem slated to have (Continued on Page 40)

Down Beat

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music news

Down Beat August 8, 1957

Vol. 24, No. 16

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Down Beat

U.S.A. EAST

Canadian Thunder

With his *Such Sweet Thunder* in the can at Columbia, Duke Ellington and his band looked ahead to its performance at the Stratford, Ont., Music Festival Sept. 5.

In program notes for the affair, Duke wrote: "Somehow, I suspect that if Shakespeare were alive today, he might be a jazz fan himself—he'd appreciate the combination of team spirit and informality, of academic knowledge and humor, of all the elements that go into a great jazz performance. In the suite I am attempting to parallel the vignettes of some of the Shakespearean characters in miniature . . . sometimes to the point of caricature."

Before Stratford, Duke was scheduled to appear at the first jazz concert in the Stony Brook Summer Musical Festival series.

Garnerings

Thoroughly dried out after playing in a pelting downpour for some 4,000 diehards in Washington late in June, pianist Erroll Garner looked forward to his newest field to conquer.

Garner was scheduled to appear in concert with the Cleveland Symphony orchestra Aug. 15. Mitch Miller was set to conduct the 100-piece orchestra, to be augmented by a sax section and Garner's rhythm men. Concertmaster was to be Nat Pierce, who has aided Garner in transcribing and orchestrating his original compositions.

At the concert, Garner expected to play many of his own works out of the forthcoming *Other Voices* Columbia album with the symphony orchestra, as well as some standards and originals with his trio.

Further Festivals

The Great South Bay Jazz Festival, some 50 miles out of New York City on Long Island, went a long way toward becoming established as a major musical presentation a few weeks before the scheduled performances July 19-21.

Epic Records signed to record all five sessions, and planned to issue a set of up to five LPs with a brochure by Nat Hentoff, who was commentator at the affair. At presstime, releases had been secured for nearly every group slated to appear.

Among the artists scheduled for the three evening and two afternoon concerts were a recreation of the Fletcher Henderson orchestra, Buck Clayton and the Kansas City Six, Jimmy Rushing, Marian and Jimmy McPartland, Charlie Mingus and His Jazz Workshop group, Annie Ross, Rex Stewart-Coleman Hawkins Southwind Seven, the Yank Lawson-Bobby Haggart Dixieland band, Horace Silver's Group, and Babs Gonzales. Making her first appearance since recent hospitalization was vocalist Maxine Sullivan.

The entire proceedings were to be



A feature of the recent Great South Bay jazz festival, Long Island, N. Y. was the recreation of the Fletcher Henderson band. Shown here are two members of that band, Emmet Berry and Rex Stewart, with two of the festival sponsors, Bob Haberman and Fran Thorne.

held under a huge tent. Rex Stewart, music director, was also a member of the Henderson memorial band, which included: trumpets—Emmet Berry, Taft Jordan, and Paul Webster; trombones—Claude Jones, George Stevens, Fernando Arbello, and Benny Morton; reeds—Edgar Sampson, Garvin Bushell, Hilton Jefferson, Coleman Hawkins, and Heywood Henry; rhythm—Bernard Addison, guitar; Walter Johnson, drums; Hayes Alvis, bass; Herb Nichols, piano.

Red Hill Still Swinging

Reports of the death of the Red Hill as a jazz room have been discounted by Joe DeLuca, owner of the Pennsauken, N. J., night spot. Rumors had the Red Hill dropping jazz because of declining attendance.

But DeLuca stresses that "it would be silly to drop jazz after all we've put into it." Under the direction of disc jockey Harvey Husten, the room has featured top modern jazz attractions and big bands for the last year.

To show he wasn't kidding, DeLuca is air-conditioning the room. After the Four Freshmen and Chico Hamilton closed in June, the room reverted to a weekend policy for the summer. Ellis Tollin, former Charlie Ventura drummer, will lead a quintet. In the fall, promises DeLuca, it will be more good modern jazz.

Go Marchin' In

Six Dixieland musicians got together last March in Trenton, N. J., and formed the Empire City Six. Their aim: To play at Nick's in New York City. On July 2, they got their wish. Billy Maxter took a vacation after 1½

years at Nick's, and the Empire City Six was booked for July and August.

Actually, the group is Phil Napoleon's band without Phil. Tony Spair, Trenton trumpeter, got five ex-Napoleon sidemen together and booked them into the Rendezvous in Trenton from March until July 1. Owner Mike Konnyu let them go reluctantly but hopes to get them back in September.

Ex-Napoleons with the co-operative unit are trombonist Harry DeVito, who also played with Kenton and Goodman; Kenny Davern, clarinet; Phil Failla, drums; Pete Rogers, bass, and Johnny Varro, piano.

To replace the Empire City Six, Konnyu turns again to a former Napoleon sideman, drummer Lou Koppelman. His group will include Hank D'Amico on clarinet; Charlie Queener, piano; Miff Sines, trombone (also ex-Napoleon), and Joe Florentine, trumpet.

An Anniversary

Bandstand USA, still the country's only regular two-hour live broadcast of jazz club remotes, celebrated both its own first anniversary and the 35th anniversary of one of the Mutual stations carrying the show, WEAN in Providence, by originating from the Newport, R. I., Jazz Festival on the night of July 6.

U.S.A. MIDWEST

Russo To Form Band

Composer-trombonist Bill Russo is making plans to form his own band. Russo, who will be on the staff at Music inn in Lenox, Mass., in August, will depart for Los Angeles after his teaching stint at Lenox. He will form the band in Los Angeles and work out of that city, concentrating on concert appearances.

The band itself, which Russo plans to debut in the fall, will perform jazz and nonjazz works, with the emphasis on written, rather than improvised, material. The instrumentation will include four trumpets, five trombones (four valve and one bass), five saxes, percussion, bass, guitar, and four cellos. Russo will incorporate many of his own music concepts into the band, including the elimination of improvised drum solos, the performance of Tristano-like orchestral jazz, and the use of new arrangements of jazz standards, such as *Concerto for Cootie* and *Manteca*.

Negotiations are under way with several recording companies, according to Russo, to begin recording the band shortly after its inception, probably in September. The band will be managed and booked by Frank Nichols, who has been managing comedian Mort Sahl.

Teaching For The Blind

Roosevelt university in Chicago has inaugurated a special six-week course for blind piano technicians which qualifies them to teach other persons without sight how to tune and repair pianos.

The course, offered annually during the summer term, is presented by the university in co-operation with the office of vocational rehabilitation of the U. S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. Twelve grants of \$300 are given to qualified visually handicapped persons from throughout the country; the grant covers the registration fee and part of travel and living expenses.

Additional information is available from the university, 430 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago 5, Ill.

Collins Benefit A Success

The benefit concert held recently for hospitalized trumpeter Lee Collins raised \$1,200, thanks to the co-operation and participation of musicians in the Chicago area.

The concert, which featured groups led by Franz Jackson, George Brunis, Art Hodes, Sid Dawson, Danny Alvin, Jimmy Ille, plus the Monday night Dixieland group from Jazz, Ltd., the Salty Dogs, and the Dukes of Dixieland, was sponsored by John Pope and Gus Allen at the Glenbard firehouse in Lombard. Collins has been in Cook County hospital.

U. S. A. WEST

Harry James Europe-Bound

Harry James and a 16-piece band leave on his first tour of Europe on Sept. 30. Kicking off with a stand in Munich, Germany, on Oct. 2, the string of concert dates will carry the trumpet man through at least five countries—West Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, and Switzerland. The tour will last three to four weeks.

Though the final personnel of the band will not be definitely set until around mid-August, James' manager, Sal Monte, said the leader is seeking a name soloist to be featured in the concerts. Monte said that Buddy Rich has expressed a desire to make the trip if he is not committed with his night club act at the time.

The majority of James' sidemen now working with him at the Hollywood Palladium will make the European jaunt, Monte said, adding that the leader will augment the brass section with a fourth trumpet. Also featured in the concerts will be band vocalist Jilla Webb.

Martin Inks Cap Pack

Freddy Martin, now playing at the Ambassador hotel's Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles, has signed a longterm contract with Capitol Records to record both single discs and albums. Sessions will be supervised by a&r man Dave Cavanaugh.

The leader told *Down Beat* he is now awaiting sponsorship for a half-hour weekly television show over the NBC network. He said the format is worked out to feature a straight music show a la Lawrence Welk and that female talent will be added to the Martin band when, and if, a sponsor is found.

Sources at NBC, however, indicated that plans for the projected show have not progressed beyond the talking stage and that, without a sponsor, the program could forever lie in limbo.

Shorty Eyes Orient

Shorty Rogers is mapping a tour of the Far East, with a quick dip into Ethiopia, to get under way this fall. Rogers told *Down Beat* he will take his Giants group, which is to include Bill Holman. He mentioned Shelly Manne as a sideman who would also like to make the trip if commitments permit.

Countries to be visited by Rogers will include Japan, India, Afghanistan, Australia, and Ethiopia. He said this is the tentative lineup and that more countries may be added to the itinerary later pending approval of the U. S. state department. Rogers added that he hopes to embark on the tour in mid-September.



Columbia Pictures music director Morris Stoloff recently received his *Down Beat* award for the Best Instrumental Single Record of 1956 in this publication's Disc Jockey poll. *Down Beat*'s John Tynan made the presentation, in recognition of Stoloff's recording of *Moonglow* and *Picnic*.

Record Academy Forms

The National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences was formed in Hollywood to function like its older brother in the motion picture field.

Nat (King) Cole made the introductory address at the Academy's opening meeting. Officers elected included Paul Weston, president; Lee Gillette, vice-president; Sonny Burke, treasurer; Tom Mack, secretary, all to serve with Benny Carter as members of the executive committee.

Elected to the board of governors were Cole, Jo Stafford, Stan Kenton, Spike Jones, Sammy Cahn, and Val Valentine, among others.

Record company executives lauded formation of the Academy as a long-overdue step in according annual awards and other activities in a major entertainment industry.

A similar organizational meeting was scheduled to be held in New York in the near future.

Elman Swinging Again

Ziggy Elman has emerged from retirement and, according to trade rumor, is "being considered" to front the Dorsey orchestra. Queried on the report, Elman had no comment to make as yet but did reveal he has signed an exclusive recording contract with Liberty Records both as artist and conductor. His first record date is scheduled for the near future, he said. Elman will continue to operate his trumpet studio at the House of Sight and Sound in the San Fernando Valley.

Local 47 Ok's Committee

With a wary eye in James C. Petrillo's direction, the membership of Local 47 has greenlighted formation of a studio committee to participate in contract talks between the federation and heads of movie and television studios.

In a compromise move the two rival factions within the local agreed on a policy of "limited trust" in Petrillo to the extent that an effort will be made to get the AFM president to specify in writing the extent of influence allowed the studio committee participating in contract negotiations. The committee will, however, have at least one meeting with Petrillo and the executive board before pushing for any guarantees. It is felt that such a meeting would help pave the way for the winning of assurances of self-determination from the federation chief.

Emmy Winner To The Campuses

Striving to promote KABC-TV's Emmy-winning teleshow, *Stars of Jazz*, among teenagers, Promotional Productions is booking concerts for the fall in high schools, junior colleges and universities throughout the west.

Tabbed *Stars of Jazz Campus Show-case*, the concerts will feature top jazz names who have appeared on the show. Harry Klusmeyer has been named "campus producer" and is supervising all booking.

Buoy Jazz in Salt Lake

The Salt Lake Jazz club, formed several months ago in Salt Lake City, Utah, has effected one change in efforts to promote interest in jazz.

Late in June, the club sponsored a panel discussion, featuring disc jockeys from competing stations, considering the future of jazz. It was the first time "rival" disc jockeys participated in such an event in the Salt Lake area.

Among the panelists were John Brophy, of the Burton & Brophy advertising agency; Wes Bowen, station KMUR; Joe Young, station KDYL; Bill Terry, Paul Droubay, and Ron Bailey, station KLUB; Rolfe Peterson, station KSL; Myrt Draper, Capitol Records; Joe Rogers, Decca Records, and Dick LaDuke Pacific Jazz Records.

Information on the club can be obtained from Douglas Clark, 1026 W. 11th N., Salt Lake City.

Western Accordion Festival

With soloists, ensembles, and bands entered from California, Arizona, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Nevada, and Utah, the 1957 Western State Accordion festival is scheduled for Aug. 3-4 in Long Beach, Calif. Tony Aretta, president of the sponsoring Accordion Association of Southern California, announced that all competitions will be open to the public.

RECORDS

Marty Paich MD For Mode

Arranger-pianist Marty Paich has been named music director for Mode Records, newly organized west coast independent. He assumed his duties July 1.

According to Paich, the new post "gives a freedom of expression which I haven't known before. It's a chance to criticize my own work without the concern of pleasing everybody."

Under his new contract, Paich's first recordings will showcase the dekettette which has been featured on several recent Mel Torme albums. Also in the planning stage is an attempt by the arranger to "equate the inflexible classical forms with the freer interpretations of jazz" in a forthcoming Mode release.

First Paich album released by the new label is *The Marty Paich Trio* with Red Mitchell and Mel Lewis.

\$3.98 For A 12-Inch LP

A new 12" LP album line, priced down to \$3.98, has been begun by Pacific Jazz. Called the *Mark IV Series*, it will feature both new artists and the already established stars of the company.

General Manager Woody Woodward said the firm is not contemplating lowering the album price to \$3.98 throughout the entire catalog.

"There has been a long-felt need in the field of jazz albums for a lower priced line," he said. "Basically, the price tag is determined by production costs. For example, if you record a trio, your costs are naturally going to be lower than for, say, an octet. But that's just one of the determining factors and does not necessarily mean that from now on all our trio albums will list at \$3.98. *Mark IV Series* simply enables us to market certain records in a competitive price range."

The first release in the series is *Just Friends: Bill Perkins with Art Pepper and Richie Kamuca* (PJM-401). An album by the Jazz Messengers is slated to follow shortly.

Stereo LP Enroute

Out of Chicago late in June came exciting news from RCA Victor on progress on a stereo LP.

William Miltenberg, manager of recordings for the label's records division, admitted that some progress had been made, but that existing records "certainly have not been satisfactory. There are still many problems that have to be ironed out."

RCA and the Westrex Corp. of Hollywood have been working on the project. Its principle, similar to color TV, would result in an LP to be used either monaurally or for stereo, depending on the playback equipment.

However, despite continued research, RCA spokesmen warned that such a record was merely a possibility. Stereo tape, they said, is a reality and an important part of the recording industry right now.

Intro In Tape Swap

In order to build a varied catalog for its Score line, Intro Records, jazz and pop subsidiary of Aladdin Records in Hollywood, has made a swap deal with Omegatape-Jazztape. In return for tapes to be released on the Score \$1.98 12" LP albums, Intro has leased its jazz stereo tapes to Dave Hubert, president of Omegatape-Jazztape. First stereotape to be released on Hubert's label is *The Art of Pepper*, with Art Pepper, alto; Carl Perkins, piano; Ben Tucker, bass, and Chuck Flores, drums. This album is not available on disc.

Newport Jazz Festival

FOR FOUR WEATHER-perfect days, the annual American Jazz Festival at Newport presented seven concerts and two panels to some 50,000 persons.

A new attendance record was established at the Saturday night presentation, when 12,400 persons crammed into Freebody Park.

There were the usual surprises and disappointments, but most significant was the fact that a good deal of the musical and emotional excitement stemmed from the afternoon sessions, which also featured most of the fairly limited amount of contemporary musical thought present.

The biggest response stemmed from two afternoon sessions: The Farmingdale High School band, which was the hit of the entire Festival and certainly the most thrilling group ever to appear onstage there for reasons musical as well as emotional; and the afternoon of Gospel Singing, which opened new fields to many members of the audience and brought a new emotional depth to the Festival.

Among this year's Festival memories is a pleasant one of Norman Granz' party at the Viking Hotel early Saturday morning, during which Gerry Mulligan, Roy Eldridge, Coleman Hawkins, Pete Brown, Specs Wright, Nat Pierce, Walter Page, Cannonball Adderley and other jazzmen combined in a wailing session which was more swinging and refreshing than several staged at Freebody Park.

It was a full four days, marked by the emergence of a significant item: more good and tasteful musical humor than ever before. In the appearances of John Gillespie's band, Don Elliott's group, Ruby Braff's fine octet, and several other groups, there was substantial humor as well as musicianship on display. Perhaps, as one trade observer commented, jazz is coming into its own as an art form and is not taking itself so seriously now.

Thursday Night

THE OPENING CONCERT of the 4th annual Festival began with taste and organization that was a joy to behold, but it slid off into a near-vaudeville presentation, and ended on a note of ill-temper and confusion.

Willis Conover appeared at the rostrum onstage at 8:39 p.m. "You know something?" he asked, looking out over the more than 10,000 persons wedged into Freebody Park, "Lulu White never would have believed it."

Louis Lorillard welcomed the crowd to "the first non-rainy opening night in three years." Sen. Theodore F. Green (D-R.I.) spoke briefly, lauding jazz and the Festival. He drew a delighted yelp from the crowd when he described the guest of honor as "Louis Sacchus Armstrong."

At 8:49, pianist Joe Robichaud of the George Lewis band walked onstage, and the Festival was underway. The Lewis band, with the leader on clarinet, Jack Willis on trumpet, Bob Thomas on trombone, Alcide (Slow Drag) Pavageau on bass, and Joe Watkins on drums, played a vigorous and heart-warming New Orleans set. They opened with *Bourbon Street Parade*, and also played *Tin Roof Blues*, *Royal Garden Blues*, and a rousing *That's A Plenty*.

Their music was in the tradition of New Orleans, hammered home by a rigid beat, and embellished with the simple but always declarative eloquence of the solos.

PIANIST BOBBY HENDERSON opened his set of tributes to Fats Waller with *Jitterbug Waltz*. Henderson's east coast piano style was marked by a strong and percussive left hand, and a trilling, often florid, right hand. He also played *Keepin' Out of Mischief Now*, *Blues for Fats*, and *Honeysuckle Rose*.

A night at New York's Metropole Cafe was created onstage by the Henry Red Allen group. Their set, *Struttin' with Some Barbecue* and *St. James Infirmary Blues*, embodied most of the noisiest elements of Dixieland, although Buster Bailey's clarinet work was impressive, and Allen's big-toned trumpet, when edited, proved exciting.

Jack Teagarden joined the group for a percussively-tongued *China Boy*, which he closed with a dazzling cadenza. Jack sang *Basin Street Blues*, and blew a handsome solo which apparently spurred Allen into a clean, precise chorus, and Bailey into one delicate and airy.

Kid Ory replaced Teagarden for a raucous *Muskrat Ramble*, which he sang. Then Teagarden teamed with Ory and J. C. Higginbotham to blow with Allen's group, including Claude Hopkins, piano; Arvell Shaw, bass, and Cozy Cole, drums. They united in three-part harmony on *High Society*.

Jo Jones, Wendell Marshall, and pianist Don Abney opened the second part of the program with a seat-setting *I'm Beginning to See the Light*.

THEN ELLA FITZGERALD, wearing a handsome green gown and looking far slimmer than she has been in recent years, took over for her set. She opened with *This Can't Be Love* and followed with *I've Got It Bad*, which proved a bit out of range for her on the bottom. On *Body and Soul* she phrased like a tenor, and ended with a long cadenza which drew a huge response from the audience. She swung on *Too Close for Comfort* and *Lullaby of Birdland*.

But on *I'm Gonna Sit Right Down and Write Myself a Letter*, she hit (Continued on Page 14)

CROSS-SECTION

BILL RUSSO

By Don Gold

A GLANCE at Bill Russo's collection of books indicates well-worn volumes by Cervantes, Schopenhauer, Aristotle, Tolstoy, Shakespeare, and *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians*.

Russo's 22nd floor apartment on Chicago's lakefront is more like an intellectual's retreat than a bachelor's arena out of *Playboy*. Books and sheet music, primarily works in progress, dominate the scene. This is characteristic of the life Russo has led and the validity he sees in life.

Russo has led a many-faceted life in music. He studied with Lennie Tristano. He played trombone with several bands. He headed an experimental jazz group in Chicago in the late 1940s. For several years he served as arranger-trombonist with the Stan Kenton band. In recent years, he has worked in the jazz and classical fields, including the creation of his jazz-flavored ballet, *The World of Alcina*. In June he completed work on his first symphony.

He has been charged with obscurantism by jazzmen. He has been dismissed by the classicists for his association with jazz. Fortunately, his erudition has enabled him to cope with both situations and create works of value, despite a certain amount of ever-present frustration.

It is this erudition which makes Russo a provocative, productive figure in the music world. Here, in this *Cross-Section*, his opinions on a variety of subjects are presented, in an effort to develop insights into Russo, the man. His comments follow.

ALEX GUINNESS: "I like him . . . his flexibility. Acting is an attempt to represent materially and he makes successful attempts at doing so."

BERMUDA SHORTS: "I guess they're sensible in Africa. They're comfortable. I like eccentricity in clothes . . . wearing what's fun to wear."

CHARLIE CHAPLIN: "Well, I've always been overly fond of Chaplin. I'm beginning to feel, too, that some of the philosophical and social protest attributed to him has been read into him."

JACK TEAGARDEN: "I like him very much. There are times when I'm antagonistic toward Dixieland, that he's the only one I can stand. His use of subtle performing techniques and his technical facility are excellent."

SOPHIA LOREN: "I resent her. As a rather consciously Italo-American, I

resent her representation of Italy as sensuality. Her acting, particularly in *Aida*, has been unimpressive. I resent, too, the implication that beauty resides in voluptuousness."

JAMES THURBER: "I find him enjoyable, but haven't read him in some time."

WESTBROOK PEGLER: "I haven't read him for years. I despise his anti-Roosevelt attitude."

ARLENE FRANCIS: "She's on TV, isn't she? I find her very repugnant."

PERNOD: "One of my favorite drinks. It's a sophisticated drink . . . but, then, I like it best with 7-Up."

LEE KONITZ: "I'm sorry to see that he's fallen back into the mainstream, which to me has value only in ultimate, not historical, terms. He has lost those qualities of imagination and daring which distinguished him before. But he's still the best jazz saxophonist and one of my favorite improvisers."

ALEC WILDER: "His music is charming. However, I feel that in this day and age, with so little profound music, it's difficult to be tolerant toward Wilder."

DOUBLE-BREasted SUITS: "They're not graceful."

ANDRE HODEIR: "I was happy to see his book (*Jazz: Its Evolution and Essence*) although I'm told the translation is not good. Frankly, I felt he got lost. He failed to discuss the implications in music. He stumbled on the problem of improvisation. Nevertheless, it's still the best book I've read in the field."

MERCEDES-BENZ AUTOMOBILES: "A beautiful car . . . probably the most intelligent, graceful car made."

DO-IT-YOURSELF-KITS: "I'm very inept at mechanical things."

DOUGLAS MACARTHUR: "I feel that he was a dangerous man and I'm pleased that his danger has passed."

MILAN, ITALY: "I enjoyed being there immensely, in 1953, because it was my first contact with Italy . . . A kind of remembrance of an ethnic heritage which I did not have. It is the only Italy I know."

WOODROW WILSON: "I appreciated his existence. As a President, I felt here was a man with genuine background in thought. His concept of the League of Nations strikes me as being farsighted. The betrayal of his League concept saddens me."



ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S novel, *The Old Man and The Sea*: "I despise certain aspects of Hemingway . . . especially those which extoll courage without sense, without proportion."

MAYNARD FERGUSON: "I think he is a wonderful trumpet player. Most of the attacks on him have been based on an inability to separate his playing from the material he has played."

CIGARS: "Sometimes I like a cigar, especially when I play poker."

E. E. CUMMINGS: "I don't like his obscurity and I don't like to find beneath it something maudlin. I do admire his touch with words, however."

BEETHOVEN VIOLIN CONCERTO: "Oistrakh's playing of it is so fantastic, I'm overwhelmed, but I don't think it's in the top class of Beethoven's writing, and I object terribly to the cadenzas, which are out of context. But Beethoven always illustrates affirmation of life, the seeking of answers to basic questions."

SPECTATOR SPORTS: "I hate spectator sports, because the beauty of an active participation sport is so much greater. I'd like to see everyone, including me, play a decent game of golf without devoting a lifetime to it. Active participation is good for health, disposition, and brings a person into contact with nature. That's why I like to swim, ride horses, and ride a bicycle."

Chico Hamilton: I Just Had To Lead

shooting up some 25 feet of color movie film ("My boy is going to flip when I show him these!"); several futile tries at getting a beer vendor to change a \$10 bill (when finally accomplished, he jammed the wad of wet, well-handled singles into his camera case and told the vendor, "When you need one, just reach in here"), and insistences that it wouldn't rain ("It wouldn't dare"), he talked about music, particularly his group.

It would seem impossible that anyone acquainted with jazz would not by now be familiar with the Hamilton quintet.

In a little more than a year on the road it has established itself as one of the best-drawing small units in the field.

He has become solidly established through a successful Newport festival appearance in 1956 ("I had to give up a full week of bookings to take that one night, but it was worth it," Chico says), exposure via several concert packages, and excellent bookings at such well-known spas as the London House and Birdland, plus imposing sales of his Pacific Jazz recordings.

THE INITIAL IMPACT undoubtedly was helped by the quintet's instrumentation. Buddy Collette on flute, clarinet, and saxes (chair is now held by Paul Horn); Fred Katz, cello; Jim Hall, guitar (since succeeded by John Pisano); Carson Smith, bass, and Chico, drums, presented something of an innovation in sound. Never did they overpower, or use decibels as a substitute for inventiveness.

"I've never thought of expanding the size," he said. "I like the size of the group just as it is. We can play just as funky as can be, then turn around and be dainty and petite. There's noth-

ing pretentious about it. We're just trying to play good and in tune. I don't care if people call it jazz or whatever they want to. We just want to play good music."

"Hey, how come (Billy) Pierce is throwing like that? Oh, I dig, he's walking the guy on purpose. I bet they don't get the double play."

"Oh, yes, so why should we expand? We can sound like a big band and like a small group. It's good this way. And with the setup we have, with every guy a great technician as well as a good jazzman, we offer a challenge to guys who want to write for us. Did you know we encourage that, by the way? Anybody who comes up to me and says he's got a score he'd like us to look at, why, we play it."

"Man, did you see that? So why didn't I get that with the camera?"

PROBABLY BECAUSE he is so interested in the quintet, the subject always is uppermost in the Hamilton mind.

But what made him decide to form his own group and become a leader? It is fairly well known that he was living comfortably and doing well as a sideman and sometimes studio musician. He could count on about \$15,000 a year income without the precipitate headaches that sometimes plague leaders.

"I had to," he said. "I was a sideman for 15 years, and I worked for a lot of people, from Lionel Hampton and Lester Young to Lena Horne and Charlie Barnet. I watched them and learned a lot from them. Then I just had to do it. When you're ready to lead, you know it."

"It started when I helped organize that first quartet with Gerry (Mulligan). Then about two years ago I got my own group together. That was it. I'm happy."

He looked happy. Dressed casually in green chino slacks, ivy league sport shirt, black sweater, and dark glasses ("If I'd known you were going to wear a tie, I'd have dressed," he said, grinning), he was a relaxed man, relaxed in the unhurried way of persons who have tasted success and acclaim.

BUT WITH SUCCESS also can come some worries about holding onto it. After the seventh inning stretch, he turned and said, "Tell me, what do you think of critics?"

"You mean jazz critics?"
"Jazz critics."

An admittedly biased answer was given, and so Chico proceeded on a short exposition:

"Maybe I can tell you some of the objections I have to some criticism in this way.

"I talked to a group of college students the other night. They asked a lot of questions, and a lot of them were very perceptive. I told them, 'You want to know the whyness of jazz. That's good. The future of the music depends on you young people. But don't be so coldly and unreasonably critical about some aspects and some musicians as you seem to be. Don't ever forget that a human being is producing the music. He has his troubles and difficulties, too, and don't always expect him to play perfectly—especially jazz, which isn't just giving an interpretation to something, but which requires improvisation.'

(Continued on Page 34)

newport jazz festival

(Continued from Page 11)

what appeared to be a tempo snag, and expressed her distaste by trying to boost the tempo while shaking her head and turning to glare at the trio. *April in Paris*, begun again too low for her comfort, fared better in the long run. Her breakneck paced *Air Mail Special* drew delighted laughter at interpolations of humor, but the climactic, swooping open tone carried to the very top of Ella's register ended the piece on a note of technical brilliance.

She closed with a birthday tribute to Armstrong, and impersonated him, as well as Rose Murphy, on *I Can't Give You Anything But Love*.

A spontaneous singing of *Happy Birthday* burst from the crowd as Armstrong and his group came onstage. Throughout the theme, *Sleepy Time Down South*, expectation ran so high for the coming set it could almost be felt physically.

But the only fireworks were the ones which appeared in the sky at midnight while the Armstrong group onstage was churning through a standard set of his usual program pieces. The group opened with the usual drab *Indiana*, and followed with a familiar *Ain't Misbehavin'* (during which the lights and sound died for two minutes). New to the Armstrong program was *Now You Has Jazz* and *High Society Calypso*, both from the recent movie, *High Society*. Neither was jazz and neither belonged at a jazz festival. Louis was guilty here and later on of several Uncle Tom gags that were in the poorest taste.

THE ONLY "NEW" musical offering of the Armstrong portion was a fine *Mahogany Hall Stomp*, on which Louis blew his best of the evening. Billy Kyle rippled through a lackluster *Blue Moon*, Squire Gersh contributed a somewhat wan blues on bass, and the group performed *Mack the Knife* pretty much the same as it was done at the 1956 Festival. Only stable, tasteful Ed Hall retained his musical dignity with a lacy *Sweet Georgia Brown*.

Barrett Deems' showpiece, *Stompin' at the Savoy*, was more sound than fury, and not up to Deems' usual standards. During Trummy Young's *You Can Depend on Me* the lights and sound died again for two minutes.

Louis called on Velma Middleton, much to the amazement of the press, who had been told she was not on the program this year. She went through her jumping, leaping, eye-rolling bit on a blues, climaxing it by doing a split which unseamed a portion of her gown and may have injured her leg.

Ella returned to the stage as a

huge birthday cake was wheeled on, and Johnny Mercer led the audience in a singing of *Happy Birthday*. MC Conover announced that the Festival had established a \$1,000 Louis Armstrong scholarship for a deserving candidate to the school of his choice.

Ella started to say something, but was cut off by Armstrong who announced the national anthem, and the first concert closed.

A disappointed audience, which had been promised a blowing reunion between Armstrong, Teagarden, and Ory, as well as an Ella-Louis duet, clogged the exits.

THERE ARE MANY stories about the backstage scene following the concert. Some are that Wein and Armstrong engaged in a heated argument. Others that Louis chewed out his group, Velma Middleton (for being late coming onstage), or the world in general. At any rate, Wein denied an argument, and said "I didn't even speak to Armstrong after the concert."

Nub of the tantrum was that Joe Glaser, Louis' manager, had come to the Festival expressly to be sure Armstrong would play some different tunes because of previous criticism, and also because the proceedings were being recorded for worldwide airing on the Voice of America and commercial release on Verve.

"We had to bring the cake on during a number," Wein said. "Maybe that got him mad, but he would have stopped the show before we could have done it any other time. Johnny Mercer waited around two hours and Ella kept her gown on. Teagarden and Ory were waiting backstage with their horns. I don't know what happened. Joe Glaser agreed to come up here so the program would be new...."

Part of the Armstrong position was quite probably stubbornness at having his selections made for him. Another part was just temper.

In the past, Louis has been disappointing musically through tired programs and an uninspired group. This time he was disappointing as a person, in addition.

—dom

Friday Afternoon

FOUR TIMES in a long and hot Friday afternoon the crowd that half filled the stadium at Newport rose to its feet to demand "More! More! More!" And each time it was successful in making its wishes felt: it got more, lengthening and perhaps strengthening the third session of the Fourth Newport Jazz Festival.

The first eager response of the crowd was to the first group, Ruby Braff's

octet, an insistently traditionalist band. "No psychological or psychotic music," Ruby promised in his opening remarks: "no fugues!" And thus he, Sammy Margolis (tenor), Jimmy Welsh (valve trombone), and Pee Wee Russell (clarinet) delivered, with the necessary rhythmic assists from Nat Pierce, Steve Jordan, Walter Page, and Buzzy Drootin. For some of us the happiest moments were contributed to this set by that early and long-lived voice of polytonality, Mr. Russell.

Toshiko Akiyoshi appeared with bass and drums and Japanese costume, spoke some sweet little speeches, played four pieces of unmistakable jazz associations, with unmistakable modern jazz influences, notably Bud Powell.

Once again the crowd roared its approval when Kai Winding wheeled his four-trombone, three-rhythm band onto the stage, negotiated a moving up-tempo *Funny Bone* and the pocket history of jazz he recently recorded with this group, *Trombone Panorama*. Deft imitations of Teagarden, Harris, Tricky Sam and others by Carl Fontana, Wayne André, and himself, were followed by a brief but comprehensive sampling of modern trombone sounds.

Gigi Gryce and Donald Byrd shared unison duties and solo honors in an effective set of performances by Gigi's so-called "Jazz Laboratory." Donald's fleet, swinging trumpet was backed in apposite fashion by Hank Jones on piano, Wendell Marshall on bass, and Osie Johnson on drums, as well as Gigi's alto. A similar sort of support made Mat Mathews' accordion improvisations, altogether unrehearsed, a pleasure to hear. Those who contributed to the relaxed atmosphere, and thus to Mat's and the audience's ease, were Hank again, Ernie Furtado on bass, and Johnny Cressi on drums.

Ernie and Johnny, two-thirds of the Bernard Peiffer trio, were in on the crowd's next demonstration—for Bernard, who more than justified M. C. Willis Conover's enthusiastic description of his technical accomplishments at the keyboard in a Prelude, Fugue, and Trio treatment of *Lullaby of Birdland* and more conventional but not less startling performances of *I Could Write a Book*, a middle-tempo blues, and *Yesterdays*.

After a handsomely played, well constructed set by the Leon Sash Quartet (Leon on accordion, Ted Robinson on tenor and clarinet, Lee Morgan on bass, Roger Price on drums), the Cannonball Adderley quintet blew things to a 6:20 faretheewell and every sort of roar from the crowd for Julian's alto, Nat Adderley's cornet, and Sam Jones' bass.

—barry ulanov

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Friday Evening

STAYING POWER is the special gift of Newport Jazz Festival audiences. Friday night's crowd of 11,000—something close to a record—came very close to setting another sort of mark, for unflagging attention and enthusiasm, starting at 8:45 and not ending, even when the concert ended at a few minutes to 1 the next morning, after a long and loud Kenton session.

Bobby Hackett's sextet jugged styles and tunes and instruments and came out ahead, in the evening's opening set. That's no small achievement when the tunes and styles to be balanced spring from such varied sources as Ellington, Monk, New Orleans, and pianist-trumpeter-alto horn player Dick Cary, and when the instruments include, in addition to Bobby's cornet and Dick's armful, a tuba, clarinet, vibes, baritone, and drums. The crowd, properly enough, was impressed.

Carmen McRae sustained the late arrival of her pianist (Ray Bryant) and drummer (Specs Wright) with a couple of standards, then turned to material more directly tailored to her voice in *Skyliner* and *Midnight Sun*. The George Shearing quintet, as George made more than clear in his running commentary, made every effort to turn from the too neatly tailored vehicle to more free wheeling transport. To the inevitable ballads were added a romp featuring the Adderleys as guest stars and a couple of mambos featuring Armando Peraza on the bongos.

An altogether delightful drum duet, in which Roy Eldridge played second fiddle to Jo Jones' paraddidle, brought a crowd- and musician-pleasing set with "The All-Stars" to a nimble finish. Besides Roy and Jo, the Stars were Coleman Hawkins, Pete Brown, Al McKibbon and Ray Bryant. Among them, they encompassed several ballads, a variety of beats, and the anything but sweet *Georgia Brown* on which Jo and Roy linked wits so wisely.

Came then a neatly organized Erroll Garner collation: familiar tunes, familiar style, familiar response—eager all the way.

Stan Kenton's ten brass, four reeds, and three rhythm held most of the 11,000 in the stadium right through every moment, familiar or not so well known, of a dozen scores. That's right: 12. It was a long set, an hour long, but to the audience a fine opportunity to listen once again to *Artistry in Rhythm* (mambo version), *Intermission Riff*, 25 N, 86 W, *The Peanut Vendor* and the like, and to hear Stan's present-day soloists, Lennie Niehaus, Bill Perkins, Ed Leddy, Sam Noto, Kent Larsen, and others, in material of their own devising or scores specially written for them. Of notable aid in this long perambulation through the Kenton library was the drumming of young Jerry McKenzie, very new to the band but very true to it and its traditions.

—barry ulanov



(Ted Williams Photo)

Ella Fitzgerald

Saturday Afternoon

YOUTH AND INVENTION dominated the Saturday afternoon concert.

It began somewhat impressively with the Cecil Taylor quartet, with Taylor, piano; Steve Lacy, soprano sax; Dennis Charles, drums, and Buell Neidlinger, bass. Churned by Taylor's free-wheeling piano conception, the group weaved its way through Billy Strayhorn's *Johnny Come Lately*, an untitled blues, and a Taylor-original, *Tune Two*. Taylor, an avant garde slasher, and Lacy, one of the most adventurous young saxists, managed to make some of the group's efforts inspirational for the attentive audience.

Organist Jimmy Smith, with guitarist Ed McFadden and drummer Don Bailey, succeeded the Taylor group. His five-tune set included a plunging, shouting version of Horace Silver's *The Preacher* and a primitive, horn-like *The Way You Look Tonight*. Smith played with a fierce dexterity that evoked enthusiastic audience response.

Pianist Eddie Costa, assisted by Ernie Furtado, bass, and Al Beldini, drums, proceeded to pick up where the energetic Smith finished by moving into a pulsating, but pianistic, *Taking a Chance on Love*. His *Get Happy* moved from an intricate bass pattern to a moving exploration of the piano as a piano. It was one of the high points of the festival.

Costa, Furtado, and Beldini were joined by clarinetist Rolf Kuhn and altoist Dick Johnson for *There'll Never Be Another You* and *I'll Remember April*. Kuhn played with characteristic taste, but Johnson, who has had provocative moments in other contexts,

seemed unable to warm up to the occasion, probably due to a limited time on stand and a lack of rehearsal with the other men in the group.

Don Elliott brought a delightful touch of humor to an otherwise intense afternoon. Elliott, playing vibes and mellophone, included several satirical selections in his five tune set. His vocal version of *I Only Have Eyes for You*, including impersonations of Sarah Vaughan, Liberace, and Mr. Magoo, completely captivated the audience. His vibes parody of the styles of Red Norvo, Milt Jackson, Jack Brokensha, Lionel Hampton, and Terry Gibbs was equally humorous. Assisted ably by pianist Bill Evans, Furtado, and Beldini, he presented attractive studies of *Dancing in the Dark*, *I Love You*, and 'S Wonderful, as well.

Singer Jackie Paris, backed flawlessly by Joe Masters, piano; Joe Benjamin, bass, and Jo Jones, drums, sang five perceptively phrased tunes, including a delicate *Skylark* and a blues-flavored *Indiana*. His astute phrasing, warm tone, and projecting sincerity enraptured the Freebody park audience.

In a program reshuffling, Joe Castro, best known as Doris Duke's discovery, played three tunes, in a kind of bluntly assaulting manner.

The Horace Silver quintet, with Art Farmer, trumpet; Cliff Jordan, tenor; Teddy Kotick, bass, and Louis Hayes, drums, restored some sense to the program. Although Farmer and Jordan have sounded better on other occasions, pianist Silver managed to drive the group intensely. Included were an up-tempo, bop-boiled *No Smoking*, *Senor Blues*, and *Cool Eyes*.

The climax of the afternoon's session, and one of the major moments of the festival, occurred with the arrival of the Farmingdale, N. Y., high school dance band, The Dalers. Led by band director Marshall Brown, the 18-piece group, inspired by the remarkably soulful alto of 14-year-old Andy Marsala, moved through eight tunes. Among them were *Walk, Don't Run*; *Taps Miller*; *Popo*; *Godchild*, and a John LaPorta arrangement of *Speak Low*. The performance captured the audience and brought praise from many musicians present. The set was successful enough to inspire festival president Louis L. Lorrillard to invite the band back for the Sunday night concert. However, the band was unable to do so, as the Voice of America's Willis Conover indicated, because of previous commitments . . . to the parents of its members.

—gold

Saturday Night

THE SATURDAY EVENING concert was a mixture of defeat, inconsistency, and partial accomplishment.

After an apathetic opening set by the Turk Murphy Dixieland group, Chris Connor presented a seven-tune assortment, including *From This Mo-*

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Down Beat

ment On, Poor Little Rich Girl, the lovely When the Wind Was Green, and an up-tempo Fine and Dandy. Although she selects excellent material, Miss Connor's communication is impeded by certain technical flaws. She appeared more poised than in previous performances and manifested an improved sense of dynamics, but could benefit from improvement in both areas.

The Dave Brubeck quartet, with Paul Desmond in fine form, opened with a blues, followed by These Foolish Things, I'm in a Dancing Mood, and two selections from Brubeck's Jazz Impressions of the U.S.A. LP, Ted Down Yonder and Sounds of the Loop.

Pianist Teddy Wilson, with drummer Specs Powell and bassist Milt Hinton, played a precise four-tune set, before being joined by Gerry Mulligan for Sweet Georgia Brown. Mulligan summoned his own group to the stand: Bob Brookmeyer, trombone; Joe Benjamin, bass, and Dave Bailey, drums. They played an uneventful six-tune set, including such Mulligan pets as Line for Lyons, My Funny Valentine, and Walkin' Shoes.

Billie Holiday, supported by Mal Waldron, piano; Benjamin, and Jo Jones, sang six tunes in what has become soulful recitative.

The Dizzy Gillespie band set opened with the band playing accompaniment for an Eartha Kitt dance presentation. Miss Kitt, utilizing two conga

drummers, three male dancers, and certain self-contained charms, offered a three-part dance based on aspects of jazz tradition. Obviously, she has studied Freud, Jung, and Mae West, but such efforts did not make her writhing particularly fresh.

Mary Lou Williams emerged from retirement to play several portions of her Zodiac suite and a concluding Carioca with the Gillespie band. Her inspired work indicates that her return to the active jazz scene would be a most welcome one.

The band concluded the evening concert with an extended, but inconsistent, program of Gillespie music. Dizzy opened with an impressive solo on Dizzy's Blues. Night in Tunisia, with Lee Morgan soloing, followed. Diz chanted Schooldays, then formed a comedy team with baritone saxist Pee Wee Moore for Horace Silver's Doodlin'. Diz played lustrosly on Benny Golson's tribute to Clifford Brown, I Remember Clifford. Melba Liston attempted to sing, and played trombone, on You'll Be Sorry. The band roared through Hurricane Manteca. Austin Cromer sang Over the Rainbow.

As the concluding sounds of the Gillespie band filtered through Newport, the audience filed from the park. Many of those present were uncertain about the validity of cramming so much into so little time, one of the flaws which made this evening seem so desperately long and the entire festival uneven in

terms of the quality of the music presented.

—gold

Sunday Afternoon

GOSPEL SINGING came to Newport, and judging by its reception, came to stay as a regular feature of the Jazz Festival presentations.

This compelling music at the roots of jazz drew the most sustained audience enthusiasm of any of the concerts.

Assembled on the stage at Freebody Park were the Ward Singers, The Drinkard Singers, The Back Home Choir, and Mahalia Jackson.

The Ward Singers opened with Praying Tonight, then moved to a solo on The Lord's Prayer, beautifully executed and climaxed by the soprano with a breath-taking final phrase. Swing Low, Sweet Chariot was rhythmically and movingly sung.

The Drinkard Singers from Newark, N. J., five girls and a boy, pulsed strongly in Everybody's Talkin' About Heaven, Calling A Sinner Back Home, and That's Enough. The final song drew spontaneous audience handclapping response, and was thrillingly performed by a woman singing against the rest of the group.

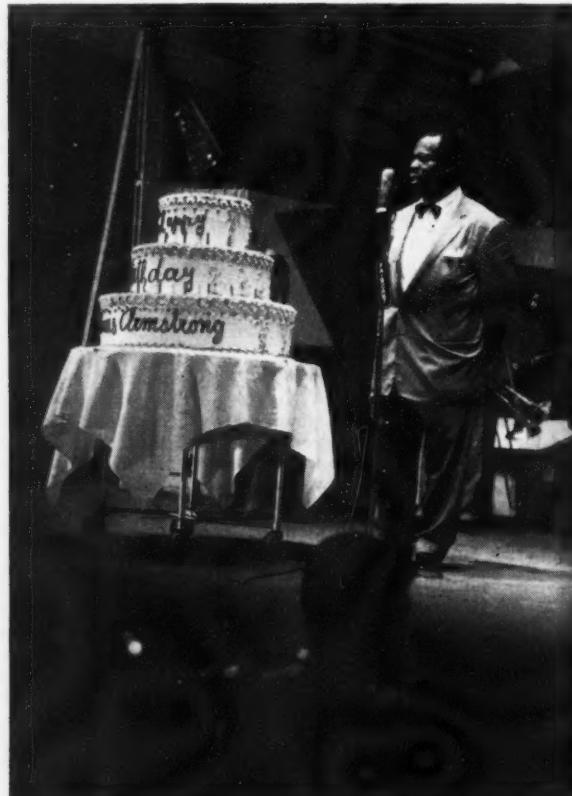
The Ward Singers returned for a Monitor NBC-Radio pickup, Packin' Up, and Clara Ward sang Somebody

(Continued on Page 28)



(Ted Williams Photo)

Jack Teagarden and Red Allen



(Ted Williams Photo)

Louis Armstrong

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Dave Brubeck Remembers

'They Said I Was Too Far Out'

By Ralph Gleason

DAVID WARREN BRUBECK, at the age of 36, is a successful man in his chosen profession, a man who has designed his life to suit his own taste and despite the rigors of a high-pressure business, manages to spend more time at home with his wife and five children than can almost anyone in a comparable position.

During the year 1956, Brubeck spent only 180 days on the road. He frequently flew back to Oakland, Calif., for a week with his family. Perhaps it was for only one or two days. And during the time, he was off the road, much of it was devoted to digging and raking and shoveling on the mountain-top he owns in the residential district of Oakland.

THE BRUBECK property was a wedding present of one lot from his father. Brubeck since has added to it until now it is more than an acre, including the peak of the hill with a 360-degree view of the San Francisco bay area.

Brubeck is preoccupied with this property, he says, because he wants it to be an estate for his children. He plans to live there, rear the children, and then turn it over to them.

Brubeck grew up on a 45,000-acre ranch in northern California and but for the perception of a College of the Pacific zoology teacher, would be on a ranch today as a veterinarian, his original aim in college.

He was born in 1921 in Concord, Calif., a small town inland about 30 miles from San Francisco. His father was a cattleman, buyer of herd beef and manager of cattle ranches. His mother was the daughter of a stage coach operator who ran a regular passenger and mail coach from Concord over the hills to Oakland.

Mrs. Brubeck, however, was an unusual woman. In a society where—except for those who had struck it rich—there was little opportunity to inquire into the arts because the business of scraping out a living was too time-consuming, she managed to become a musician and even in later years, after her children were reared, returned to college and resumed studies.

THE BRUBECK family was musical. Dave's two older brothers, Henry and Howard, also became musicians. Henry, after an apprenticeship as the drummer in the Del Courtney band, went on to become the director of music for the Santa Barbara elementary school system, and Howard is now chairman of the music department at Palomar college in California.

The Brubecks moved from Concord



(Fantasy Records Photo)

Brubeck with sons Mike and Darry and Fantasyans Max and Sol Weiss.

when Dave was 8 to a ranch in Ione, a California mountain town, where his father had been made manager of a ranch, but Dave's memories of the Concord home are still vivid:

"I remember that house yet. It was built for strictly music. Pianos were in four different rooms there, and they were going all day long. My mother was teaching or my brothers were practicing. The first thing I heard in the morning was her teaching or them practicing. And the last thing at night. We didn't even have a radio in Concord."

Dave's mother was his first, and actually his only, teacher of any importance until he studied with Milhaud, and she gave Dave his first piano lessons.

"It was apparent right from the beginning," he says, "that I would be a composer. I was always improvising from the time I was 4 and 5. And I refused to study! My mother saw this and taught me completely different from Howard, who is about as schooled a musician as I can think of. She didn't force me to practice, and she didn't force me to play serious music, but she gave me a lot of theory, ear training, harmony. From the time I

was very small, it was impossible to make me play any of the classical pieces except when I'd sit down and play them by ear. So I developed differently from my brothers."

DESPITE THE classical music atmosphere of the Brubeck household, Dave decided to become a veterinarian when he was in high school.

"I wanted to settle right down on the ranch and never even go to college," he says, "but my mother wanted me to have some education so I decided to study veterinary medicine and come back and help my dad on the ranch."

"But it was so difficult being a pre-med, six hours four days a week in the lab, which I hated. I got passing grades, but I was completely drug the whole time. And the zoology teacher knew my mind was across the lawn at the music department. I'd just sit in class and listen to everybody practice and wouldn't be paying any attention."

"So he said at the end of the year, 'Brubeck, why don't you just go over there; that's where you belong!' And I sure thank him to this day."

Through high school and college, Brubeck was working in bands in the California mountain country. He began

appearing professionally with pianist Bob Skinner, who has been a great influence on Dave and who introduced him, via records, to jazz. Skinner and Brubeck had a tap-dance-ukulele-piano team when they were 6.

"We were giggin'!" exclaims Brubeck. "Lions Clubs and socials. We could be hired for as little as getting us out of school to \$5 apiece!"

LATER, WHEN HE became more proficient on piano, he played with cowboy and hillbilly swing bands in California.

Even after he switched in college to studying music, Brubeck says, he was a poor student.

"But I absorbed, almost through osmosis, from all my teachers, which is the real reason why you study, not for grades," Dave recalls. "I was NEVER a good student except in this way—I found that I had the ability to do something most students don't have. When I learned something, I could use it that day or that night. I found that if we were in counterpoint and we were going over two-part inventions, well, that night my piano playing would be two lines. Or if somebody had mentioned Darius Milhaud using two tonalities, on the job that night I'd be using two tonalities."

Brubeck's experimentation with the material from the classroom on the job at night prompted the usual reaction from the men he worked with. He remembers:

"THE REACTION has gone on ever since I was a kid: *What the hell is he doing?* And it's a common experience for me. I was always experimenting on the job. Most musicians don't like that. I was always doing something where I'd just have to say to the bass man or the guitar man, 'Just stay in the key you're in, and I'll superimpose this on you.' Or I'd say to the drummer, 'Just play the beat you're playing; what I'm going to do won't disturb you as long as you do what you're always used to.'

"And from the beginning, I've always tried to superimpose on the known and what's going on around me. And when I started using polytonality in jazz (some people say I used it before I heard of Milhaud—I think that maybe I was influenced by Milhaud, Dave says with wry smile), I always figured you weren't stepping on the other musicians' toes if you were superimposing something that wouldn't clash—either polyrhythmic or polytonal. That's really been the styles you could identify me with. And it started, I would say, when I was 18 years old. Fundamentally it's the style I'm using now."

WHEN BRUBECK is criticized for not having his roots in the mainstream of jazz, it is important to remember that aside from the records he heard as a youth—Teddy Wilson, Fats Waller, Duke Ellington, Benny Goodman—he heard very little if any jazz at first and until he was in college.

"I had little opportunity to listen to much music in jazz after I moved

to Ione," Brubeck says, "and our family didn't listen to much jazz on the radio. Occasionally I could get the Benny Goodman show on Saturday night. That's one of the things I can look back on and remember having had an opportunity to listen to."

"But as to records, I had only this one Fats Waller record, which I still have—I bought it in Sacramento when I was about 14. It was *Honey on the Moon Tonight* and *Close as Fingers in a Glove*. Of course, I imitated that when I was a kid, but I never saw Fats. That's another thing about being raised in the west. These people weren't available to you much."



Dave Brubeck

"I remember we had to drive cattle usually all summer, and we'd be out on the roads from, oh, 4 in the morning to 6 at night, and cars would come through on their way up into the mountains—vacationers."

"I used to dream about maybe Benny Goodman was gonna come down this road. All day I'd dream, as we drove the cattle, about how Goodman would have to come through the cattle—going from Stockton to Sacramento for a one-niter—and I wouldn't let him through unless he's let me on the band bus, and there'd bound to be a piano on the bus, and everybody'd be jamming and somebody would get to hear me play!"

ONCE IN A WHILE, when Brubeck was at the College of the Pacific in Stockton in the early '40s, he'd catch a band on a one-niter.

"At the time," Dave recalls, "if I stood in front of a band, and somebody looked up at me or somebody would stop and talk, I was so thrilled it was fantastic. Now, when I see these guys all the time, especially Duke or Stan, I always think of the time I walked out of Duke's dressing room afraid to say hello to him!"

Despite the isolation from the mainstream of jazz in the early days, Brubeck branched out when attending College of the Pacific. He made frequent

trips to San Francisco, where Skinner was beginning to emerge as one of the best jazz pianists, and sat in with such musicians as Jerome Richardson, Johnny Cooper, Vernon Alley, Bob Barfield, and Wilbert Barranco. Then, while he was doubling from classes at COP to night jobs in Stockton joints, he worked opposite Cleo Brown.

"She was a tremendous influence on me because of her left hand," he says. "She had a tremendous left hand, and she played boogie woogie faster than anybody. God, she could go! If she'd had a right hand like her left, she'd have given anybody a lot of competition."

IN 1942, Brubeck enlisted in the army. Dave says, "I went right into the army. No traveling bands. This is important. I'd never even been in L.A. until I went into the army."

When Brubeck went into the army, he enlisted in a band which was supposed to be a permanent unit and was stationed at Camp Haan near Los Angeles. His reception there, he remembers bitterly, was the same as it had been when he first got to Stockton. The musicians put him down.

At Stockton when he first wanted to play, he went up to two musicians and announced that he was a jazz pianist. Dave recalls, "They turned around and said, 'Where you from?' I said, 'Ione.' They just turned around again and didn't say anything. I had to walk away! Later when they found me playing at the ballroom, they couldn't believe it. 'Aren't you the guy from Ione?' they said."

At Camp Haan it was the same thing. Brubeck was the kid from Stockton, the equivalent of coming to Stockton from Ione.

There were several bands at the camp, and the personnel was from the Hollywood studios mainly. It was three weeks before Brubeck got to play, but when he did, he says, "I shocked everybody. This was the first inkling I had that I would be accepted and allowed in the inner circle."

"I WAS 21 THEN, and I was amazed. All the guys in these bands were wonderful musicians and very competent, but I was shocking everyone. I don't know of a pianist who's ever come along that has shocked the accepted guys like that. They just completely wigged over me there were so many new ideas."

"And, of course, they all thought I was too radical. The first time I wrote an arrangement for the band nobody would play it. So I took it to Kenton in L.A. Stan said, 'Bring it back in 10 years!' It was my first big-band arrangement, and I wouldn't be ashamed for Stan to play it today."

"I would say it predated a lot of things. It didn't have a tremendous jazz, swinging feeling, but it was very polytonal and harmonically it was tremendously advanced, and it had a message you don't usually find in jazz."

"I wanted to use jazz for something much more serious than most people

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wanted to. At an early age I thought this was a medium to express deeper emotion. Kenton said, 'What is this? A dirge? Where did you ever hear chords like this?'

Brubeck spent 18 months at Haan. He began writing small-combo arrangements there, and "those were very similar to how I would arrange now. And here again I wasn't accepted. Only by the furthest-out jazzmen in the band."

WHILE AT Camp Haan, Brubeck got a weekend pass and went into Los Angeles to try to arrange to study with Arnold Schoenberg.

"We didn't get along at all," Dave says.

"It's completely misquoted that I studied with him. The first lesson was an introductory affair, and the second lesson, I had written something, and he wanted a reason for every note. I said, 'Because it sounds good,' and he said that is not an adequate reason, and we got into a huge argument in which he was screaming at me."

"And I asked him why did he think he was the man who should determine the new music, and he screamed, 'Because I know more than any man alive about music.' Maybe this isn't an exact quote, but it's the essence of it."

So Brubeck parted from Schoenberg before they had more than briefly met. He says he didn't want to study with him—"I wanted to write because it sounded good, and I didn't have to know the whole history of why."

Then the army broke up the four 28-man bands at Haan. Brubeck was shipped to the infantry. He got into Normandy, France, about 90 days after D-Day and eventually was sent to the front, near Metz, as a rifle replacement. "It was just the worst possible place to be," Dave recalls, "because the Germans were really wiping them out."

AT THE LAST depot, Brubeck volunteered as a pianist during a Red Cross show, and because that was the moment when the area commandant had decided to have a band, he was selected to lead it. He missed going to the front by a matter of minutes.

Thereafter, Brubeck stayed in music until his discharge from the army. He was the leader and chief arranger for this band and wrote many originals for it. His reception was a little better than it had been at Camp Haan or Stockton, for he was in a position to order the men to play. He says, "I had only one guy go back to the front rather than play them! He couldn't see it at all."

After the German capitulation, Brubeck led his band accompanying USO tours throughout France and Germany. In 1946, he was discharged and went directly to Mills college in Oakland to study with Milhaud.

"I had taken a couple of lessons from Milhaud before I went into the army," he says, and one of his brothers was Milhaud's assistant at that time.

"WHEN I WENT back to study



(Fantasy Records Photo)

Dave and San Francisco Symphony conductor Enrique Jorda

under Milhaud, to be honest, I was going to give up jazz because of all the hassel I had had, even in the army, to get the musicians to play my stuff. And I recalled even Kenton thought I was too far out. So I figured jazz wouldn't be the place to present the ideas I wanted to. It was too narrow. So I thought composition would be the answer.

"It turned out that Milhaud was the one who convinced me to go back, saying I couldn't possibly give up jazz, that it was in me and if I wanted to represent this culture, jazz was such an important part. He said it was more important to express the culture and not gain the technique. And he pointed out that every great composer had expressed his culture in which he was familiar and was completely familiar with the folk idiom and jazz was the folk idiom of America. He talked me back into it. It took a period of six months, I guess, and then I became interested in jazz again."

Brubeck's fellow students with Milhaud at that time included bassist Jack Weeks, saxophonist Dave Van Kreidt, and clarinetist Bill Smith.

With Brubeck they began to write things based on jazz for the composition class. Dick Collins then was studying with Howard Brubeck at Mills, and Paul Desmond was at San Francisco State college. The octet was formed to play the pieces the Milhaud students had written as classroom exercises.

"Milhaud used these things as examples of contemporary fugues," Brubeck says. "Things like *Fugue on Bop Themes* and *Preludes*. You recall we did a lot of things in that group other people are just starting to do now, using other forms, the counterpoint,

six or seven things without rhythm section where the horns really swung on their own."

DURING THE TIME he was at Mills, Brubeck also played in and around the San Francisco area.

When he was working at the Geary Cellar, a small club in the theater district, Desmond began to sit in regularly with him. Norman Bates was the bassist, Frances Lynne (later with Gene Krupa and Charlie Barnet) was the vocalist, and Darryl Cutler was the tenor, doubling on cocktail drums.

The Geary Cellar became the No. 1 spot for visiting musicians. Jack Egan, then an advance man for bands, wrote a piece about it for *Down Beat*, becoming the first to mention Brubeck in a national publication.

One night Benny Goodman dropped in.

"I'll never forget that night," Brubeck recalls. "I had been playing for about 10 minutes, and I wondered why Cutler didn't play. So I looked over at him—he used to play sock cymbal standing up with the tenor around his neck—and he was just looking at the sock cymbals. And I said, 'Play,' and he said, 'No, man, no!'

"So pretty quick I looked right in front of me, and there's Goodman! I quick turned away! Bobby Ross was always around there, and he says 'Whatsmatter with you, you seen a ghost?' And so I said, 'No, Goodman's sitting there, man,' and I tried to keep playing, and I was just panicked because here at last was Goodman. And Ross said, 'Aw what's the matter with you? Why should that make you nervous?' And I said, 'If you're not nervous get up and sing, because I can't play and Cutler won't play. So right away

(Continued on Page 39)

Leroy Vinnegar

Turns Sour On That Man, Shelly

By John Tynan

NOBODY LIKES to feel exploited.

Leroy Vinnegar says he feels he is a case in point, and currently he is irate, hurt, and more than a little frustrated. He says he got an extra raw deal, was taken advantage of, and then got the brushoff.

This is the inside reason for his quitting the Shelly Manne group, the band with which he made a reputation as one of the best new bassists in jazz today.

Had it not been for the best-selling *My Fair Lady* jazz album by *Shelly Manne and His Friends* on Contemporary Records (recorded Aug. 17, 1956), Leroy probably still would be playing with Manne's band.

Vinnegar tells it this way:

"WHEN WE RECORDED the *Fair Lady* album, I understood that the only individual getting a royalty was Shelly. Since he was leader on the date, this was all right with me. Now, though, I discover that Andre Previn is getting a good royalty, too—and I'm out in the cold."

"Well, I went to Shelly and asked for what I considered a just settlement—a third of the album. After all, I worked like a dog on that record date, and because it's not an ordinary jazz album but a production package, I feel I have it coming to me."

Shelly replied, according to the bassist, to the effect that Leroy should expect nothing more than the \$123 already paid him. Whereupon, Vinnegar said, he told his leader that if no additional settlement were forthcoming, he would leave the group. Shelly didn't stop him.

"I was done dirty, that's all," Vinnegar declares. "If I'd known about the royalty agreements before the date, I wouldn't have made the album. And now that it's become a best-seller, those royalty payments are really adding up."

"Legally there was nothing I could do; they didn't have to pay me one cent more than the recording scale called for. But I say there's a moral question involved here."

VINNEGAR, ODDLY, says he doesn't consider his statements a "blast" at

Shelly. He just wants the truth known, he says.

"Why should I tell a lie when people want to know why I left the group?" he asks. "When someone has done me wrong, I'm not about to tell a lie to cover him. All this time since we made that album, Shelly has been patting me on the back and telling everybody how great I am. That's fine, and it sounded good to me. But when it really came to showing how much he thought of me, the buck came first. Tell you something: next band I go with is going to be an outfit where I'm appreciated."

Manne indicated that he did not wish to make any statement for the record in order not to start a "feud." He did, however, confidentially present his side of the case. Other interested parties had some points to make but refused to be quoted.

Indianapolis-born Vinnegar, 29, is normally a gentle giant. As Contemporary's Lester Koenig recently noted on an album which features the bassist, he handles his instrument as ordinary men might a violin.

There's more to it than mere power, however. Leroy's rhythm playing is helping to mold the styles of newcomers to jazz bass. His conception is such that he has been tagged "Rock of Ages" because of his utter rhythmic dependability and basic, deep down playing that imparts a serene confidence to musicians working with him.

THIS STYLE OF playing has its roots in Leroy's early days around Indianapolis, where he worked casuals and jam sessions. Though he taught himself piano, he soon switched to bass and quickly became a welcome sitter-in at clubs.

"At that time—before 1950—a musician could sit in anywhere in my home town," he recalls. "It wasn't like it is today: 'I won't let you play because you're not good enough.'

"Knowing piano helped a great deal when I started on bass, even though technically I still had a lot to learn. That was the main reason why I concentrated on the low register. It was so much harder to play in high. . . . Then, playing in low seemed to be

acceptable to the guys around me. They kept telling me, 'That's the way a bass should sound, baby.' So I stuck to playing that way."

In 1952, Vinnegar left his native city for Chicago. He worked first in the rhythm section at the now-defunct Beehive and backstopped on occasion such notables as Charlie Parker and Sonny Stitt. Then came a stint with the Bill Russo quintet at the Blue Note, but . . . "I could never get a foothold in Chicago. Just didn't seem to be work for guys who played the way I did."

IN AUGUST, 1954, Vinnegar migrated to Los Angeles and played his first jazz date with Barney Kessel at Jazz City. Jobs with Art Tatum, Conte Candoli, and Bob Gordon followed. Then in 1955, Stan Getz picked him for his rhythm section, using him on an album with Lionel Hampton. Of Getz, he says:

"Stan's a cat I really enjoy playing with. He never gets in your way, and if he sets the tempo here"—Leroy snapped his fingers in tempo—"it swings here."

At the end of 1955, when Manne left Shorty Rogers' Giants, the drummer chose this swinging newcomer for his new quintet. From its opening at the Tiffany, it was apparent that Shelly's new group was benefiting mightily from the contributions of Vinnegar.

Various record dates followed—with Manne and other well-known jazzmen—so that soon Leroy was being hailed by fans and musicians alike as the newest discovery on his instrument. His association with the Manne group lasted for a year and a half.

"IN THE TOP GROUPS today," he considers, "most sections are a lot better than they used to be a few years ago. They were way too weak—as units, I mean. Trouble was, I believe, that too many players were imitating. One guy was tryin' to sound like Bud Powell, another like Max Roach—and so on. They just weren't together . . . everybody tryin' to be a star."

"In the last three or four years, though, there's been a lot of improvement. For one thing, Shelly's set a pattern for others to look at. He's a wonderful drummer, truly a great one."



music in review

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popular records

CHRIS CONNOR

Chris Connor Sings the George Gershwin Almanac of Song (Atlantic 2-601) is an 80-minute, 17-second assortment of Gershwin and Connor, presented in a prestige-packaged two-LP set. Included are 32 Gershwin tunes, from the 1924 vintage *Somebody Loves Me* to the posthumously performed (1947) *For You, for Me, for Evermore*. Miss Connor is backed by seven different groups, from trio to octet, including such jazzmen as Joe Newman, Al Cohn, Eddie Costa, Oscar Pettiford, Jimmy Cleveland, Eddie Bert and Milt Jackson. Charts are by Ralph Sharon, Ray Ellis, and Stan Free.

Miss Connor plunges through such Gershwin standards as *Fascinating Rhythm*, *The Man I Love*, 'S Wonderful, and *Embraceable You*, and some of the relatively obscure Gershwin attempts, including *Little Jazzbird*, *Slap the Bass*, and the childishly conceived *Bla Bla Bla*. Although I am not completely convinced that Ira Gershwin deserves major status as a lyricist, much of his brother's best melodic invention is evidenced here. Miss Connor tends to interpret the tunes within a limited sound level, without too much concern for dynamics. She has moments when she is warmly communicative, but she lapses into rather uninspired moments as well. Her intonation, too, is not always as precise as it could be. In competition with comparable sets by other singers, Miss Connor does not take top honors. Nevertheless, she does sing with a laudable degree of sincerity and some knowledge of what she is singing. She has constant assistance from the musicians, some of whom were delighted to return to Gershwin.

While the flaws noted are readily apparent, there is much in this collection to elevate it above the mass of vocal LPs flooding the market with annoying regularity. In this era, a notch or two below Ella Fitzgerald or Sarah Vaughan is several kilometers above the bla bla bla below. (D.G.)

THE GOOMBAY KINGS

This is a collection of largely traditional calypsos by the Goombay Kings (RCA Victor LPM-1514), featuring Richie Del Amore. Among the titles are *Don't Touch Me Tomato*; *Calypso Man*; *Rockin' Eight Babies to Sleep*; *Mommie on the Light*; *Bimini Gal*, and *The Cricket Calypso*. Very rhythmic, often humorous, and issued in time to catch the tail end of the calypso craze. (D.C.)

MONICA LEWIS

In Sing It to the Marines (Verve MG M-2071), Miss Lewis turns on the

sensuality for faithful members of the Corps from Montezuma to Tripoli. This collection, according to the insipid liner notes, consists of "melodies that were actually chosen by men of the Corps." Although I am somewhat skeptical about the nature of that plebiscite, I must admit that, for the most part, the tunes have been judiciously selected. Included in the dozen-tune assortment are *I Get a Kick Out of You*, *Nice Work If You Can Get It*, *The Song Is You*, *All or Nothing at All*, and *I'll Be Seeing You*. Miss Lewis sings in a dramatic, but inoffensive manner, in a kind of Dinah Shore via Doris Day style. I can't accept Frank Farrell's statement that this is effective reenlistment music, however. But, then, I wasn't a marine. I'd like to see Verve come up with a more sensible format for Miss Lewis' LPs. Nevertheless, absurdities aside, this collection is of the non-irritating variety, for those who take their singing straight. (D.G.)

PEREZ PRADO

What happened to the fire and excitement that used to be the hallmark of the Prado band not too long ago? Early releases by the Prado crew were always characterized by crackling high brass work and rhythm as exact as a metronome's, but with a pulse.

On Latin Satin (RCA Victor LPM-1459), a collection of 12 superior Latin American songs, the old snap is gone. Instead of the electricity in the brass, there's a too-precise punching of ultra-high register figures. Where the rhythm bubbled, now it plods. What happened, I guess, was time. (D.C.)

THE ROARING TWENTIES

In three volumes (Grand Award 327, 340, 353), Enoch Light and a group of jazzmen and studio musicians have caught the abandon, the silliness, the here-we-go-again attitude, and the corn of the '20s. With such as Charlie Margulies, Bobby Byrne, Jack Lesberg, Terry Snyder, Milt Yanier, and George Barnes aboard, and with such musical memories as *The Charleston*; *Hot Lips*; *Charlie, My Boy*; *Black Bottom*; *Yes, We Have No Bananas*; *College*; *Varsity Drag*; *That Certain Party*; *Baby Face*; *The Sheik*; *Margie*; *I'm Just Wild About Harry*, and many more, what can happen but that fragile thing called nostalgia?

Did young people really wear autographed slippers, play Mah Jong, have hip flasks, wear bell-bottomed trousers or those chamberpot hats? Do you remember Rudy Vallee? Judge? College Humor? Captain Billy's Whiz Bang? Valentino? If not, you may not dig

these happy cornball sides, but your folks will. And if that was the era of wonderful nonsense, what shall ours be called 30 years hence? (D.C.)

ENZO STUARTI

A pleasant assemblage of songs sung in Italian and English are collected on *We're Not Strangers* (Jubilee JLP 1041). Stuarti is the actor-singer who has appeared as Marius in *Funny on Broadway*, and is presently creating somewhat of a splash in the pop field.

The songs are largely war horses—*I Have But One Heart*; *Years and Years Ago*; *Marta*; *Tell Me That You Love Me Tonight*; *Santa Lucia*; *Three Coins in the Fountain*; *Come Back to Sorrento*, and *O Sole Mio*. Not earth-shaking but done with taste and in fine voice. (D.C.)

KEITH WILLIAMS

Smartly played standards and originals make up *The Dazzling Sound* (Liberty LRP 3040) by Williams' big band. Throughout, the brass is bright and flaring, notably so on *I Remember You* and *Bernie's Tune*. Williams' own *Toscana* creates a fine mood through a high-blown reedy sound and the crisp brass.

Arrangements are all by Williams, except for the moody *Winter Interlude*, arranged by Brin Brethel, and *Wiki Wiki*, arranged by Russ Garcia. There is no information on the soloists, who are quite good, particularly the anonymous trombonist on *Easy to Love*. The sound is excellent. Among the tunes are *Carioca*, *Sleeping Princess* (Ravel's *Pavane Pour Une Infante Défunte*), and *When Your Lover Has Gone*. (D.C.)

STAN WILSON

Stan Wilson has been one of the most recorded, but listlessly promoted, folk singers in America. Wilson, a member of Norman Granz' team, indicates in his recent Verve release, *Calypso* (Verve MG V-2051) that he could become an important part of that team.

Primed for the over-heated calypso market, this collection features Wilson in a dozen folk tunes, some more calypso in nature than others. Among those found here are *Mary Ann*, *Run Come See*, *J. P. Morgan*, *Delta*, *Goombay*, and the provocative *Pound Your Plaintain in the Mortar*.

Although I prefer Wilson unaccompanied by chorus or orchestra, I found most of his interpretations here attractive. There is a certain lack of depth in his presentation, when compared to the Duke of Belafonte's efforts in this idiom, but for the most part this collection should endure after the Lords and Ladies have returned to Trinidad. (D.G.)

jazz records

Records are reviewed by Dom Cerulli, Leonard Feather, Ralph J. Gleason, Don Gold, and Jack Tracy and are initiated by the writers. Ratings: ★★★★ Excellent, ★★★ Very Good, ★★ Good, ★ Fair, ★ Poor.

Australian Jazz Quintet

AUSTRALIAN JAZZ QUINTET PLUS ONE
Bethlehem 12" LP BCP-6015: *Jazz in D Minor* (three-part suite by Bill Holman); *Cubano Chant; In a Sentimental Mood; Star Eyes; I'll Be Around; You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To.*
Personnel: Dick Healey, flute, alto; Erroll Buddle, bassoon and tenor; Jack Broekens, vibes; Bryce Rohde, piano; Jack Lander, bass; Osie Johnson, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

This is the most satisfying work the AJQ has come up with in recent releases. The Holman suite is a handsome piece of writing which is given spirited interpretation.

Although Buddle's tenor work is brisk and bustling on the opening and closing movements of the suite, it appeared on repeated listenings that there was much to say he left unsaid. As it is though, there is more excitement in the closing movement than I've ever heard from this generally scholarly group.

The middle section, two beautifully integrated themes, is a perfect mounting for the often somber sound of the group. The total effect of this movement alone is one of pastoral beauty. The suite is another rewarding evidence of Holman's continual growth in stature as a writer.

The five tracks on the back side, with

the exception of the intriguing *Cubano Chant*, are pretty standard AJQ fare.

The group should make every effort to annex Osie. He gives it a rhythmic depth it never has had before. But I'm afraid Johnson can't be dragged away from his studio work. At any rate, he's a valuable part of the group, particularly on the suite. (D.C.)

Chet Baker

CHET BAKER BIG BAND: Pacific Jazz 12" LP PJ 1229: *A Foggy Day; Mythe; Worrying the Life out of Me; Not Too Slow; Phil's Blues; Darn That Dream; Dinah; V-Line; Tenderly.*

Personnel: On Tracks 1, 7, 10: Baker, Norman Faye, Conte Candoli, trumpets; Frank Rosolino, trombone; Art Pepper, Bud Shank, alto; Bill Perkins, Phil Urso, tenors; Bobby Timmons, piano; James Bond, bass; Lawrence Marable, drums. Other tracks: Baker, trumpet; Bob Burgess, trombone; Urso, tenor and alto; Bob Graf, tenor; Fred Waters alto; Bill Hood, baritone; Timmons, piano; Bond, bass; Peter Littman, drums. James McKean replaces Littman on Track 3 only.

Rating: ★★★½

A glance at the LP jacket indicates the presence of such well-known Californians as Candoli, Rosolino, Pepper, Shank, and Perkins, but the sounds contained therein do not indicate that their abilities were utilized effectively.

Essentially, this is Baker's quintet augmented to nonet and an 11-piece group. Baker solos on each track, but

the five musicians cited above appear briefly on merely three tracks. To make matters even more frustrating, except for one adjectival paragraph, there is no solo identification in the liner notes, although the notes do manage to include mention of the fact that Baker flunked the only course in theory and harmony he ever took.

Nevertheless, there are rewarding moments here, primarily in the arrangements contributed. French pianist Christian Chevallier contributed three attractively inventive ones, *Mythe*, *Slow*, and *V-Line*. Another French jazzman, Pierre Michelot, wrote *Chet* and the arrangement for *Dinah*. Jimmy Heath, Percy's brother, arranged the three standards for the larger group. Urso charted *Worrying* and *Blues*. Surrounded by the other arrangements, Urso's are not as provocative. Heath's for the most part, are warm and relaxed. The five charts by the Frenchmen are well conceived and marked, for me, the most interesting aspect of the LP.

The execution is on a professional level, despite the lack of extended solos. Baker plays in good taste and with relatively linear conception. He indicates a restricted sense of dynamics but succeeds in indicating some degree of emotional involvement.

It would be worthwhile to record the 11-piece group in arrangements by Chevallier and Michelot, providing solo opportunities for such able musicians as those mentioned above, particularly Pepper and Perkins. Such an LP, with four tunes to a side, could eliminate some of the flaws inherent in this collection. (D.G.)

Joe Bushkin

PIANO AFTER MIDNIGHT—12" Epic LP LN 3345: *If I Had You; They Can't Take That Away from Me; At Sundown; Here in My Arms; Pennies from Heaven; California, Here I Come; Dinah; Old Man River; Once in a While; Every Day Is Christmas; The Lady Is a Tramp; High Cotton.*

Personnel: Bushkin, piano; Ed Safranski, and Sid Weiss, bass; Buck Clayton (Tracks 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 8, 9, 12), trumpet.

Rating: ★★★★

Bushkin is a pianist of taste and delicacy. Clayton is a trumpeter of taste and delicacy. This is an LP of T&D.

There are a couple of moments of flash, *Old Man River* and *California* among them. But for the most part, this is relaxed, easy-chair jazz, with Bushkin playing moodily but with warmth, and Buck blowing tightly muted with force and spare construction.

On Bushkin's four solo vehicles, he is fleet and swinging. The rhythm backing is fine throughout.

There are no earth-shaking moments here, or tracks of discovery and experiment. But there is track after track of distinctive, integrated playing. There's some tongue-in-cheek, too. Witness the low bow to Dizzy on *California*. This is the work of mature artists, at home and having fun in their element. (D.C.)

Coleman Hawkins

COLEMAN HAWKINS: A Documentary (River-side two 12" LP set, RLP 12-117/118, Jazz Archives Series).

In this virtual monologue lasting nearly two hours, Coleman Hawkins casts back across his 53 years for recollections, vignettes, personal observations, and some insights into the devel-

All the Excitement and Spontaneity of a Personal Appearance... Recorded Right On the Scene—



Long Play Album MG V-8024

The OSCAR PETERSON TRIO

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opment of jazz as well as the development of Coleman Hawkins.

First of all, he confounds the chroniclers of jazz by disclosing that he wasn't born in St. Joseph, Mo., but on an ocean liner in mid-Atlantic while his parents were returning from Europe.

He also tells how he began on piano, and later switched to reeds, but never actually gave up piano. There are some illuminating recollections of the 10 years he held a chair in the Fletcher Henderson band.

"I always felt Fletcher should have stayed a stomp band and stomped all other bands out of existence," he recalls. "But the band got too sophisticated. It began to sound like other bands. . . ."

There are memories of Fats Waller, too. A colorful, flamboyant figure who "could write tunes as fast as he could play the piano."

Coleman dwells fondly on Jack Teagarden, and the cutting sessions he and Jimmy Harrison would have, with Bean refereeing at the piano.

He relates how he happened to go to England for a few months and stayed for six years. Along the way, there are some canny observations on the attitudes and relative intelligence of audiences here and abroad, particularly in France.

A good deal of time is spent on *Body and Soul*. "I never thought of *Body and Soul* as big for me," he chuckles. "I used it as a closer to get off the stage, that's how much I thought of it." From the success of his Bluebird recording of the tune, Coleman swings into observations on American jazz audiences, recording companies, and related fields.

Included, too, is some reporting on the present scene, and on rock 'n' roll.

The set was pulled from tapes cut in Bill Grauer's New York living room on a summer night in 1956. The often inaudible questions leading to Bean's answers are by Grauer and Paul Bacon.

There's not a note of music in the set, but there's a wealth of information and color ranging from the Henderson days to the present, from Mamie Smith's Jazz Hounds to Thelonious Monk and Cannonball.

Hawkins himself was an excellent choice for this type of set because not only does he go back enough to give his comments depth, but he has developed and grown as a musician through the years to the present.

This set will undoubtedly spur similar collections. All that can be hoped is that they are as unforced and as intelligently presented as this one. And as interesting. (D.C.)

Phil Nimmons

THE CANADIAN SCENE VIA THE PHIL NIMMONS GROUP—Verve 12" LP MGV 8025: *Pick Yourself Up*; *Muggs*; *Rhumba Pseudo*; *Humpy*; *Someone to Watch Over Me*; *Stompin' at the Savoy*; *April in Paris*; *We'll Be Together Again*.

Personnel: Jerry Toth, alto; Julian Filanowski, tenor; Eddie Karam, baritone; Erich Praugott, trumpet; Ross Culley, trombone; Vic Centro, accordion; Rudi Toth, piano; Murray Lander, bass; Jack McQuade, drums; Phil Nimmons, clarinet, alto.

Rating: ★★½

In both the original writing and the performance on this LP, there is a high degree of competence. It is the work of a group of young Canadian musicians whose debut on Verve is sponsored by Oscar Peterson (whose notes, by the way, did they include the

personnel, would stand as a model for others to emulate).

Nimmons, who has done the writing, is an interesting blend of modern legitimate musicianship and jazz feeling. His scores are bright, tight, and sometimes too tricky (as in *Pick Yourself Up*), but on the other hand can achieve a Basieish groove (as in *Muggs*), which is delightful, or an electric brilliance (as in *Rhumba Pseudo*), which is reminiscent of the big band jazz.

There are good solos spotted throughout the album. I am particularly intrigued by pianist Toth and by trumpeter Praugott, who seem to have a more consistently interesting jazz feeling. If this group can continue to work and develop it should produce some very valid, interesting and worthwhile jazz. As it now stands the LP is well-played music that only occasionally comes to life and now and then suffers from a lack of definition. (R.J.G.)

Anita O'Day

ANITA SINGS FOR OSCAR—American Recordings Society 12" LP G-426: *'S Wonderful*; *They Can't Take That Away from Me*; *Tenderly*; *Old Devil Moon*; *Love Me or Leave Me*; *We'll Be Together Again*; *Stella by Starlight*; *Takin' a Chance on Love*; *Them There Eyes*; *I've Got the World on a String*; *You Turned the Tables on Me*; *Bewitched, Bewildered, and Bewildered*.

Personnel: Miss O'Day, vocals; Oscar Peterson, piano; Herb Ellis, guitar; Ray Brown, bass; Jo Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

No, this isn't the old automatic five stars that pops up whenever certain favorites of a reviewer come along, be they bad, mediocre, or just good. This is an album by one of the few, very few, women singing jazz today.

In an era when the style spadework was done by Anita and turned to profit in the pop field by a dozen or so other singers, she continues to be the only one who swings consistently.

On this excursion, there is evidence that she is ranging into further experimentation in phrasing but always with an uncanny sense of time and always in excellent taste. She is also singing with much humor: you can almost see her grinning on the line "The way your smile just beams . . ." in *They Can't Take That Away from Me*. Her device of extending a line by repeating a syllable (as in the same tune's "bumpy road to love") makes her voice as flexible as a horn. She is one person who can do this and not be tagged "far out."

This album also has Anita singing more ballads. Her treatment makes them virtually solos, rather than straight melodic reading of the lyrics. I am constantly aware that there is almost a touch of tenor sax in her voice.

On *Devil Moon*, she does some things that are amazing, even for her. Throughout, there's the light touch. But there's also keen awareness of beat and time despite an apparent wild burst of rushed phrasing.

On *Love Me or Leave Me*, Anita almost implies the lyrics in the opening chorus and manages to build an arrangement as she goes. Once again, she strikes me as building section riffs, much the same as a band would. The last half-chorus is a gem.

Peterson and his group, augmented by the tasty drumming of Jones, have their own lines moving nimbly with Anita. This release, though, is now

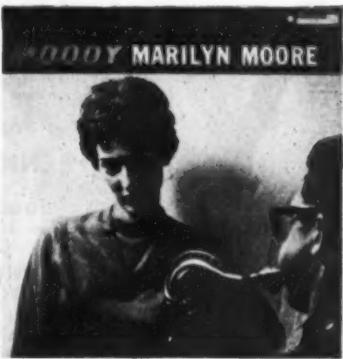
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One final note: If there's been a more musically and more wailing vocal side than *Them There Eyes* cut in recent years, I've yet to hear it. (D.C.)

**Charlie Parker
The Genius of Charlie Parker
Volumes 1-8**

VOL. 1: NIGHT AND DAY—12" Verve LP MGV-5003: Night and Day; Almost Like Being in Love; I Can't Get Started; What Is This Thing Called Love?; Laura; Temptation; Autumn in New York; Lover; Stella by Starlight; Dancing in the Dark.

Personnel: Parker, alto, with big band including Bill Harris, trombone; Bernie Prvin, trumpet; Oscar Peterson, piano.

VOL. 2: APRIL IN PARIS—12" Verve LP MGV-5004: April in Paris; Summertime; If I Should Lose You; I Didn't Know What Time It Was; Everything Happens to Me; Just Friends; They Can't Take That Away from Me; Out of Nowhere; East of the Sun; Easy to Love; I'm

in the Mood for Love; I'll Remember April.

Personnel: Parker, alto, with Stan Freeman (Tracks 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6) and Bernie Leonington (Tracks 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12), piano; Ray Brown, bass; Buddy Rich, drums, and orchestra including Mitch Miller, oboe and English horn, and string section.

VOL. 3: NOW'S THE TIME—Verve 12" LP MGV-8005: The Song Is You; Laird Baird; Kim; Kim (alternate take); Cosmic Rays; Cosmic Rays (alternate take); Chi Chi; Chi Chi (alternate take); Chi Chi (second alternate take); I Remember You; Now's the Time; Confirmation.

Personnel: Parker, alto; Max Roach, drums; Al Haig, piano; Percy Heath, bass.

VOL. 4: BIRD AND DIZ—Verve 12" LP MGV-8006: Bloomido; An Oscar for Treadwell; An Oscar for Treadwell (alternate take); Mohawk; Mohawk (alternate take); My Melancholy Baby; Leap Frog; Leap Frog (alternate take); Leap Frog (second alternate take); Relaxin' with Lee; Relaxin' with Lee (alternate take).

Personnel: Parker, alto; Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Thelonious Monk, piano; Curly Russell, bass; Buddy Rich, drums.

VOL. 5: CHARLIE PARKER PLAYS COLE PORTER—Verve 12" LP MGV-8007: I Get a Kick out of You; I Got a Kick out of You

(alternate take); Just One of Those Things; My Heart Belongs to Daddy; I've Got You Under My Skin; Love for Sale; Love for Sale (alternate take); I Love Paris; I Love Paris (alternate take).

Personnel: Parker, alto; Walter Bishop, piano; Roy Haynes, (Tracks 1, 2, 3, 4, 5) and Art Taylor (Tracks 6, 7, 8, 9), drums; Jerome Darr (Tracks 1, 2, 3, 4, 5) and Billy Bauer (Tracks 6, 7, 8, 9), guitar; Teddy Kotick, bass.

VOL. 6: FIESTA—Verve 12" LP MGV-8008: Un Poquito De Tu Amor; Tico Tico; Fiesta; Why Do I Love You?; Why Do I Love You? (alternate take); Mama Ines; La Cucuracha; Estrellita; Begin the Beguine; La Paloma; My Little Suede Shoes.

Personnel: Parker, alto; Kenny Dorham (Tracks 7, 8, 9, 11), trumpet; Walter Bishop, piano; Teddy Kotick, bass; Jose Moulai, bongos; Ralph Mirandas, conga.

VOL. 7: JAZZ PERENNIAL—Verve 12" LP MGV-8009: Star Eyes; Blues; I'm in the Mood for Love; In the Still of the Night; Old Folks; If I Love Again; Cardboard; Visa; Segment; Passport; Divers.

Personnel: Parker, alto, with (Tracks 1, 2, 3) Hank Jones, piano; Ray Brown, bass; Buddy Rich, drums, with big band (Tracks 4, 5, 6) including Junior Collins, French horn; Hal McKusick, clarinet; Tommy Mace, oboe; Al Block, flute; Mannie Thaiger, bassoon; Tony Aless, piano; Max Roach, drums; Charlie Mingus, bass; music arranged by Gil Evans; voices arranged by Dave Lambert, with group (Tracks 7-11) including Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Tommy Turk, trombone; Al Haig, piano; Max Roach, drums.

VOL. 8: SWEDISH SCHNAPPS—Verve 12" LP MGV-8010: Si Si; Swedish Schnapps; Swedish Schnaps (alternate take); Back Home Blues; Back Home Blues (alternate take); Lover Man; Au Privave; Au Privave (alternate take); She Rose; She Rose (alternate take); K.C. Blues; Star Eyes; Blues for Alice.

Personnel: Parker, alto, with group (Tracks 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 13) including Red Rodney, trumpet; John Lewis, piano; Kenny Clarke, drums; Ray Brown, bass, and with group (Tracks 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12) including Miles Davis, trumpet; Max Roach, drums; Walter Bishop, piano; Teddy Kotick, bass.

Series Rating: ★★★★

This broadside issue of eight Parker albums just about cleans out the stock at Verve. After this, we're told, we can expect no more. The source is gone, and the available takes were augmented with some alternate takes to complete LPs and also to help show what Parker tried and discarded on his way to an acceptable master.

The new, previously unissued set here is Vol. 5, *Charlie Parker Plays Cole Porter*. It was cut at sessions in March, 1955, about three months before Parker died. The effect of time and illness on Parker is manifest here. His tone is less brilliant, his flow of ideas less sparkling.

He seems to be wearily hewing closer to the melody line here. The breathtaking breaks and the astounding gush of melody he poured forth in the earlier sets are here dammed to a trickle. There is, however, still the agile mind and the humorous bent. He avoids the obvious but doesn't go for broke as he did before. Not that this isn't an interesting set but rather it's not top Parker.

There's no doubt that the title tag of "genius" in much of the material in the other volumes. They have been culled from the Mercury and Clef sides and collections organized and supervised by Norman Granz. Even set against strings (which enhanced rather than dimmed the luster of his blowing) or against a vocal group (which seemed to watch, earthbound, as he soared), Bird was blowing with strength, conviction, and from what seemed to be an endless fund of fertility.

The contents of the other seven volumes have been reviewed on these pages singly or in their earlier couplings. As noted earlier when the reissue collections of Bird began to

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be released, whatever their previous ratings, they are now all five-star. The source of supply no longer exists, and this is what we have on hand to set the standard.

Time has not hacked away any of the excitement of the best of these sides. But it has proved one thing: what once sounded strident and often aimless now emerges as imaginatively conceived and superbly executed blowing.

Even the heaviness of Rich's big-band drumming fails to hold Bird close to earth. When in more sympathetic company, his flights are fabulous, and his colleagues, Gillespie, Davis, Monk, and Dorham, are spurred to some of their finest playing.

This is by no means all of Parker. Other collections of earlier material on other labels are needed to fill in the sketch that this late package draws. These Verve sides are necessary, too, to fill in missing parts in the late Parker picture. The album notes (except for three on Volumes 3, 6, and 8 by Bill Simon which are intelligent and informative) are distressingly banal or so factless as to be without worth as filler on a series so important to jazz as this one.

By all means collect these records, single or in bunches. (D.C.)

Perkins-Kamuca-Pepper

JUST FRIENDS—Pacific Jazz 12" LP 401:
Just Friends; A Foggy Day; All of Me; Diana-a-
Flow; Limehouse Blues; What Is This Thing
Called Love?; Solid DeSylva; Sweet and Lovely;
Zenobia.

Personnel: Tracks 1, 3, 5, 7, 8: Bill Perkins,
tenor, bass clarinet, flute; Richie Kamuca, tenor;
Hampton Hawes, piano; Red Mitchell, bass; Mel
Lewis, drums. Tracks 2, 4, 6, 9: Perkins, Art
Pepper, alto; Jimmy Rowles, piano; Ben Tucker,
bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★★★½

Perkins and Kamuca are a pair of Brothers of the '50s, lineage descendants of Pres by way of Stan and Zoot and containing elements of each in their sound and style. The Perkins solo sound is tighter than that of Kamuca, more nasal, perhaps, and a bit harder. Kamuca basically is a soft swinging tenor, closer to Pres than to Getz. However, it is fascinating how similar they sound and in this LP there is an excellent opportunity for comparison.

Perkins has devised a series of tableaux in which the similarity and differences of both can be appreciated. The backing is really first rate, with a fine swinging foundation by Lewis and excellent comping and solos from Hawes and Mitchell.

On four of the tracks Pepper replaces Kamuca to heighten the contrast and further offer intriguing comparisons. On two sides (tracks 7 & 8) Perkins plays bass clarinet and makes it sound very full, swinging, and valid on both the blues and the ballad.

The summation of this LP, as in most of Perkins and Kamuca's work, is taste. The arrangements, by Perkins except for three by Pepper, are all crisp, economical, controlledly emotional in concept. Aside from the fine passages when Kamuca and Perkins blow together and then swing out each on his own, I was particularly struck by the beauty of *Sweet and Lovely*, which has a fine bass solo by Mitchell and by the wonderful blues feeling of *Solid DeSylva*. Pepper's best contribution is a moving solo on *What Is This Thing* in which he again lays claim

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to a high position among contemporary altoists. Hawes' brief appearances throughout underscore what a loss his current absence from the jazz scene is. Highly recommended. (R.J.G.)

George Russell

THE JAZZ WORKSHOP—RCA Victor 12" LP LPM-1372: Ye, Hypocrite, Ye Boobiehub; Jack's Blues; Livingstone I Presume; Ezz-thetic; Night Sound; Round Johnny Rondo; Fellow Delegates; Witch Hunt; The Sad Sergeant; Knights of the Steambat; Ballad of Hix Blewitt; Concerto for Billy the Kid.

Tracks 1, 2, 3, 4: Barry Galbraith, guitar; Art Farmer, Trumpet; Hal McKusick, alto, flute; Milt Hinton, bass; Bill Evans, piano; Joe Harris, drums. Tracks 5, 6, 8, 12 same personnel except Paul Motian replaces Joe Harris. Tracks 7, 9, 10, 11 same except Ossie Johnson is on drums and Teddy Kotick on bass.

Rating: ★★★★

In the latest and most exciting of RCA's Workshop series, arranger George Russell has managed to prove several points concerning what is sometimes known as "far-out" jazz that may have bothered a number of listening laymen and musicians. First, the music in almost every piece swings just the way conventional jazz swings. Second, true improvisation abounds and there is the sense of organized looseness that one finds in the more tonal jazz combos. Third, the works are neither too long nor overpretentious structurally, as has so frequently been the case with experiments of this kind. Fourth, they have a challenging sense of form without stiffness or overorganization. Fifth, one never has to worry about intonation or any aspect of musicianship or performance; clearly the quality of the personnel and the quantity of rehearsals met the stern demands of Russell's writing. Sixth, the writing is harmonically venturesome without resorting either to complete atonality or to the Schoenberg mathematics of the juggled twelve-tone row.

It is on this last level that Russell has succeeded completely in lifting his album to a unique status and stature. His writing is based on the "Lydian concept of tonal organization," a theory on which he has worked for years, which was heard in his sole track on the Teddy Charles Atlantic LP, and which unfortunately George completely fails to explain here in his well-intentioned but elliptical liner notes.

Obviously nothing as radical as this can be summed up in a sentence, but one of the basic factors is the building of keys by picking the notes in rising fifths; thus the notes in the key of C are C, G, D, A, E, B, and F Sharp. There is a great deal more to it than that, but we're saving it for a feature story in which George will try to elucidate a little. Suffice it for now that there is a sense of tonality, of the feeling of a certain root in every passage. One of the pieces, *Ezz-Thetic*, because it was written some years ago, is closer to normal tonal jazz than the other tracks. There is a Tristano-like air to the ensemble unisons in this number and to *Knights of the Steambat*.

The moods are many. *Round Johnny Rondo* swings the most. The ethereal *Hix Blewitt* has a simple long-note melody that gives the effect of a distant horizon seen opaquely through a veil. *Fellow Delegates* is the only track on which Russell himself plays, using a set of chromatically tuned drums of California redwood that achieve an odd and attractive garbage-can tone, recall-

ing the Calypso steel drums. *Billy The Kid* packs a mad wallop, especially when Bill Evans spouts out a series of solo breaks as smoothly as a Texas gusher. *The Sad Sergeant* struck me as a little meaningless and pretentious, alone among the dozen tracks; perhaps a week from now it will be my favorite.

Farmer and McKusick acquit themselves superbly; as Hal said, "It was like learning another language," and they both speak it fluently. Galbraith's comping is as exciting as his solo work. All three rhythm sections cook; Motian is particularly impressive on *Witch Hunt*. As you'll have gathered, I dig Mr. Russell as a jazz composer who has found a new path without going off the main jazz route. Such men must be guarded with care and watched with great expectations. (L.F.)

Jimmy Smith

THE INCREDIBLE JIMMY SMITH (Vol. 2)—Blue Note 12" LP BLP 1529: Caravan; Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing; Get Happy; It's All Right with Me.

Personnel: Smith, organ; Thorne Schwartz, guitar; Donald Bailey, drums.

Rating: ★★★

Smith remains the only one I've heard who can swing the generally clumsy-sounding organ. But, personally, I'd prefer another solo voice in the group stronger than a guitar to contrast and complement Smiths dominating instrument.

At that, he does get off the ground with his choruses on *Caravan*, Schwartz is heard to advantage on *Get Happy*. In all, these sides, cut at the Baby Grand club in Wilmington, Del., the source for Vol. 1 (BLP 1528), haven't the sustained excitement of the earlier set. Perhaps that can be blamed on the material, which is less meaty than *The Preacher*, *Rosetta*, and *Sweet Georgia Brown* on the earlier one. (D.C.)

Art Tatum

THE ART TATUM TRIO—Verve 12" LP MG V-8118: Just One of Those Things; Blue Lou; Some Other Spring; If; More Than You Know; Love for Sale; Trio Blues; I Guess I'll Have to Change My Plans; I'll Never Be the Same; Isn't It Romantic?

Personnel: Tatum, piano; Red Callender, bass; Jo Jones, drums.

Rating: ★★★★

There is little to be said here, concerning Tatum's remarkable ability. It's been said many times before. As Callender notes, "There's been a lot of fine pianists, but only Tatum could make the piano say quite as much, and seemingly with so little effort."

This LP was the product of one of Tatum's last recording sessions and becomes another volume in the Tatum literature Norman Granz thoughtfully has provided. All the Tatum mastery is indicated here: the technical command, the astute sense of time, the melodic concepts, the communicative approach to the instrument, and the rare ability to play powerfully without turning the piano into another instrument.

Among the tunes included are a technically exhilarating *Things*, a driving *Lou*, and a directly stated, grasped-by-the-roots *Blues*. The backing by Callender and Jones is inspired, to say the least. This is a historically significant LP and a part of the musical life of one of jazz' most illustrious figures. (D. G.)

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THE GREAT 16—Muggy Spanier's Ragtime Band (12" Victor LPM-1295); *Relaxin' at the Touro*; *Mandy, Make Up Your Mind*; *Bluin' the Blues*; *That Da Da Strain*; *Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate*; *At Sundown*; *Lonesome Road*; *Eccentric*; *At the Jass Band Ball*; *Dinah*; *Big Butter and Egg Man*; *Livery Stable Blues*; *Black and Blue*; *Riverboat Shuffle*; *Someday Sweetheart*; *Dipper Mouth Blues*.

IN A MELLOTONE—Duke Ellington and His Orchestra (12" Victor LPM-1364): *Take the "A"*; *Train*; *A Portrait of Bert Williams*; *Main Stem*; *Just A-Sittin' and A-Rockin'*; *I Got It Bad*; *Porrido*; *Blue Sarge*; *The Flaming Sword*; *In a Mellotone*; *Cotton Tail*; *I Don't Know What Kind of Blues I Got*; *Rumpus in Richmond*; *All Too Soon*; *Sepia Panorama*; *Rocks in My Bed*; *What Am I Here For?*

A STRING OF SWINGIN' PEARLS—All Star Groups (12" Victor LPM-1373): *Honeysuckle Rose* (RCA Victor All-Stars); *Annie Laurie* (Wingy Manone); *The Eel* (Bud Freeman); *Troubled* (Frankie Trumbauer); *That's a Serious Thing* (Eddie Condon); *I've Found a New Baby* (Bud Freeman); *Nothin' But the Blues* (Gene Gifford); *Blue Lonesome* (RCA Victor All-Stars); *The Blues* (RCA Victor All-Stars); *Limehouse Blues* (Wingy Manone); *Easy to Get* (Bud Freeman); *It's Only a Paper Moon* (Jess Stacy); *China Boy* (Bud Freeman); *I'm Gonna Stomp*; *Mr. Henry Lee* (Eddie Condon); *New Orleans Twist* (Gene Gifford); *Blues* (RCA Victor All-Stars).

TRIBUTE TO DORSEY (Vol. 1)—Tommy Dorsey Orchestra (12" Victor LPM-1432): *Salon Takes a Holiday*; *The Lamp Is Low*; *You're a Sweetheart*; *Liebestraum*; *Is This Gonna Be My Lucky Summer?*; *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*; *I Hadn't Anyone Till You*; *Washboard Blues*; *Keepin' Out of Mischief Now*; *Musie, Maestro, Please*; *Everything Happens to Me*; *Swanee River*; *I'll See You in My Dreams*; *Rhythm Saved the World*; *Josephine*, and *You're a Sweetheart*. There are some free-wheeling tracks, including *Milneberg Joys*, *Chloe*, and *Loose Lid*; as well as one from the string era, *Street of Dreams*. There are vocals by Frank Sinatra (*Street of Dreams*, *Violets for Your Furs*, *East of the Sun*), Jack Leonard (*Josephine*, *The Lamp Is Low*, *I'll See You in My Dreams*), and some by Jo Stafford, Edythe Wright, The Pied Pipers, and Connie Haines. Sy Oliver is present, as vocalist (*Come Rain or Come Shine*) and arranger. Among the participants are the following: Lee Castle, Pee Wee Erwin, Yank Lawson, Bunny Berigan, Ray Linn, Charlie Shavers, Max Kaminsky, Chuck Peterson, Ziggy Elman, and others on trumpet; Bud Freeman, Joe Dixon, Fred Stulce, Johnny Mince, Deane Kincaide, Babe Russin, Skeets Hurlfert, Johnny Mince, Heinie Beau, Buddy De Franco, Boomie Richman, and others, reeds; Moe Purtil, Buddy Rich, Dave Tough, Cliff Leeman, and Alvin Stoller were the drummers; with others in the rhythm section including Carmen Mastren, Gene Traxler, Sid Weiss, Howard Smith, and others. A good collection of Dorsey, and a fine cross-cut of 10 big years in the swing era (virtually all of it). One thing keeps coming through on these tracks: how Dorsey's fluid tone and effortless playing was so taken for granted as to be neglected in recent years.

The Ellington collection includes some wonderful Duke cut between May 4, 1940 (*Cotton Tail*) and June 26, 1942 (*Main Stem*) with a band including Cootie Williams, Rex Stewart, Ray Nance, trumpets; Joe Nanton, Juan Tizol, Lawrence Brown, trombones; Otto Hardwick, Johnny Hodges, Ben Webster, Harry Carney, Barney Bigard, reeds; Fred Guy, guitar; Sonny Greer, drums; Jimmy Blanton and Junior Raglin, bass; and Duke, piano. Ivie Anderson sings *I Got It Bad* and *Rocks in My Bed*. Herb Jeffries sings *I Don't Know What Kind of Blues I Got*. This is a valuable collection, musically and historically, of one of Duke's greatest bands in its most fruitful period.

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The *Swingin' Pearls* collection brings

together 16 tunes long unavailable on 78s, and never before issued on LP. Vintage of these is from 1929 (the Eddie Condon sides) to 1945 (the Jess Stacy-Lee Wiley track), with most of the action centered in the ripe 1939 period. The roster of participants in the various groups is awesome: Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Tommy Dorsey, Fats Waller, Lee Wiley, Joe Sullivan, Bob Zurke, Bunny Berigan, Harry James, Benny Goodman, Glenn Miller, Artie Shaw, Jack Teagarden, Chu Berry, Matty Matlock, Claude Thornhill, Eddie Miller, Max Kaminsky, Mezz Mezzrow, and many others. There are some bursts of lightning here, and a good deal of thunder, too. Substantial fare for all jazz collectors. Sound is very good throughout.

The two Dorsey packages trace Tommy and his bands from November, 1936, through January, 1946, and a great many long unavailable milestones have been included. Among them are the Clambake Seven's *Rhythm Saved the World*, *Lucky Summer*, *Josephine*, and *You're a Sweetheart*. There are some free-wheeling tracks, including *Milneberg Joys*, *Chloe*, and *Loose Lid*; as well as one from the string era, *Street of Dreams*. There are vocals by Frank Sinatra (*Street of Dreams*, *Violets for Your Furs*, *East of the Sun*), Jack Leonard (*Josephine*, *The Lamp Is Low*, *I'll See You in My Dreams*), and some by Jo Stafford, Edythe Wright, The Pied Pipers, and Connie Haines. Sy Oliver is present, as vocalist (*Come Rain or Come Shine*) and arranger. Among the participants are the following: Lee Castle, Pee Wee Erwin, Yank Lawson, Bunny Berigan, Ray Linn, Charlie Shavers, Max Kaminsky, Chuck Peterson, Ziggy Elman, and others on trumpet; Bud Freeman, Joe Dixon, Fred Stulce, Johnny Mince, Deane Kincaide, Babe Russin, Skeets Hurlfert, Johnny Mince, Heinie Beau, Buddy De Franco, Boomie Richman, and others, reeds; Moe Purtil, Buddy Rich, Dave Tough, Cliff Leeman, and Alvin Stoller were the drummers; with others in the rhythm section including Carmen Mastren, Gene Traxler, Sid Weiss, Howard Smith, and others. A good collection of Dorsey, and a fine cross-cut of 10 big years in the swing era (virtually all of it). One thing keeps coming through on these tracks: how Dorsey's fluid tone and effortless playing was so taken for granted as to be neglected in recent years.

In the future, the *Down Beat*-Victor marriage will produce more jazz offspring, including two collections of Fats Waller, another Duke Ellington collation, a set of Red Nichols (titled *Parade of the Pennies*), an Artie Shaw volume, a collection to be largely culled from Bluebird and titled *Basic Blues*; another set in the vein of *Swingin' Pearls*, to make available the long out-of-print records so valuable to jazz collectors and historians, and a further delving into the swing era, from a slightly different viewpoint.

All records in the series will continue to have 16 tracks or their equivalent, and will be issued with painstaking detail to the notes and the sound.

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SAXOPHONE COLOSSUS

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The Billboard

Possibly the most incisive and influential jazz instrumentalist since Charlie Parker is a tenor saxophonist named Sonny Rollins. Rollins is in his fearful prime in a new recording, *SAXOPHONE COLOSSUS*.

Whitney Balliett, New Yorker

I admire Rollins' freshness, robustness, and inventive daring in a period when a good deal of jazz seems too polished to be alive.

Wilder Hobson, Saturday Review

SAXOPHONE COLOSSUS will very probably reach a much wider public than any of his previous work, and perhaps Sonny will finally come into his own. No one will deserve it more.

Joe Goldberg, Jazz 'N Pops

SAXOPHONE COLOSSUS is the sort of album you play over and over. It's worth it.

Ralph Gleason, San Francisco Chronicle

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Newport Festival

(Continued from Page 16)

Bigger Than You And I in a warm and rich voice. The group also sang *The Old Time Way, How Many Times*, and *Great Day*.

The Back Home Choir of Newark, N. J., directed by Jeff Banks, sang *You'd Better Get Ready, I Want Jesus To Walk With Me, Step By Step*, the Bible story of the woman who wished only to touch the hem of Jesus' robe to be made whole again, and *I've Got To Wait For Jesus*. Audience response again was genuine and very warm.

But it was Miss Jackson who stirred the audience deeply with her eloquence and simplicity in a presentation of 13 Gospel songs, which could have been 113 if the audience had its way.

She sang a lovely *Only A Prayer Away, Jesus Met The Woman At The Well, Didn't It Rain, I'm Going To Live The Life I Sing About, I'm Going Home With My Lord, When The Saints Go Marching In, Keep Your Hand On The Plow, It Doesn't Cost Very Much, Get Me A Crown, Never Walk Alone, The Upper Room, Lost The Old Halo, and Sometimes I Feel Like A Motherless Child*, showing how the last-named and *Summertime* are connected.

The concert was a personal triumph for John Hammond, who urged its inclusion on the Newport program. Gospel spokesman Joe Bostic, who predicted beforehand to the audience its coming acceptance and emotion at the songs, declared, "This is part of our American heritage. This music is sung from the heart and the soul."

The performance was staged with dignity, and achieved a depth of feeling previously unfelt at any Newport session.

—dom

Sunday Evening

SUNDAY BEGAN as John Hammond's Day with the afternoon presentation of Gospel singing, and concluded as John Hammond Night, with his commentary on the band of Count Basie.

Highlight of the evening was a reunion of Basie and drummer Jo Jones, Lester Young, and singer Jimmy Rushing. With Jo on drums and Prez wailing on tenor, Rushing and the Basie band built a set which was easily the most exciting and swinging of the entire evening. Rushing sang a punching *Sent For You Yesterday*, and a blues which built into two final choruses of riffs, with Jimmy singing as hard as any solo horn, that drew a resounding roar of approval from the 8,000 persons assembled, coupled with a demand for more. Rushing's encore, *Evening*, with Prez again soloing, proved almost as fabulous.

The final concert opened with the Jimmy Giuffre trio's *Gotta Dance*.

Guitarist Jim Hall and bassist Ralph Pena integrated so well with Giuffre's tenor, baritone, and clarinet, that it seemed the group was bigger by at least two more members. They played *Two Kinds of Blues, The Train And The River*, and *Four Brothers*. It was uncanny how large the trio sounded, particularly on the final tune. And Giuffre somehow achieves a true woodwind sound from the clarinet which lent a soulful feeling of blues to his *Two Kinds*.

The Oscar Peterson trio played a swinging *Will You Still Be Mine*, a pretty and pulsing *Joyous Spring* (dedicated to the late Clifford Brown), *A Gal In Calico*, and a furiously up tempo *52d Street Theme*. Jo Jones, Sonny Stitt, and Roy Eldridge joined the trio for *Monitor Blues*, in which Stitt wailed on tenor; *Willow Weep For Me*, on which Roy blew a beautiful, restrained solo; *Autumn In New York*, made shimmering by Stitt's alto; and an up tempo original, sparked by Stitt's modern alto and tenor, and a hammering chorus from Peterson.

Sarah Vaughan closed the first half of the program with a set including *If This Isn't Love, The Masquerade Is Over, All Of Me, Black Coffee, Sometimes I'm Happy, and Poor Butterfly*. She came back to encore with an up *Linger Awhile*, and a medley of *Time and Tenderly*. Accompanied by Jimmy Jones, Roy Haynes, and Richard Davis, Sarah sang well, particularly on *All Of Me*, which was highlighted by an improvised chorus within the frame of the lyrics.

The remainder of the program was all Basie's. Hammond introduced the members of the band, and they opened with an Ernie Wilkin's original "so new it hasn't even got a title yet." Lester Young joined the band for *Polka Dots And Moonbeams*, a swinging *Lester Leaps In*, and stayed through the Jimmy Rushing set. Jo Jones looked and sounded wonderful in the Basie rhythm section.

Joe Williams sang a pair of blues, then joined with Sarah Vaughan for *Teach Me Tonight*, a rendition which left the audience roaring "more!" for nearly two minutes. Conover erred in promising their return. When the concert ended, there was some resentment at the broken promise.

Illinois Jacquet, Roy Eldridge, Lester Young, and Jo Jones returned for a final jamming of *One O'Clock Jump*, which had no lack of spirit but somehow failed to jell. If it had been the intention of anyone to bring on Jacquet to break things up a la Paul Gonsalves last year, it failed to happen. Jacquet's choruses, remarkably restrained for him, were greeted with lukewarm applause.

The climax of the evening had come a few tunes earlier, when Rushing and the old guard proved again that swing is the thing.

—dom

Down Beat

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Hi-Logic

By Leonard Feather

This was the first time I had ever conducted a *Blindfold Test* à quatre. A few married couples were the closest thing to a multiple interview until this incredible vocal group came to town.

The Hi-Lo's represent the present-day trend in group singing—a trend toward emancipation from the simplicity, sometimes not far removed from barbershop harmony, that has characterized so many trios and quartets.

Not surprisingly, the foursome proved to be as forthrightly expressive in reviewing as in singing. To preserve some kind of order, I suggested that the four take turns handling the bulk of the criticism but asked the other three to add any relevant additional comments each time.

Neither the Hi's (Bob Strasen, Bob Morse) nor the Lo's (Gene Puerling, Clark Burroughs) were given any information before or during the test about the records played for them.

The Records

1. Stan Kenton with Voices. *Sophisticated Lady* (Capitol). The Modern Men, vocal.

Gene Puerling: Just a guess, because it did sound like a Kentonish background. I think that's the new Capitol album, *Kenton and Voices*. The group sings out of tune—sounds vaguely like a group we heard in San Francisco called the C Notes, but they were really just starting out, and it sounds like—if it was the Kenton organization—he picked up another group sounding like the Four Freshmen, arrangement-wise, in many respects, except that the Four Freshmen don't sing that high. I thought it was a little bit contrived. I would rate it two stars.

Bob Morse: I'd rate it more than that—maybe 3½, because I think it's an interesting arrangement. I don't care for the way they sing it. It's a beautiful, touching song, and I don't think they were aware of what they were singing lyrically. I feel it was all in the execution of the notes. It's interesting to listen to but not an emotional thing, as that song should be.

2. Jane Russell, Beryl Davis, Connie Haines. *Yes, Indeed!* (Capitol).

Clark Burroughs: It's a good commercial record. I wouldn't think of going out and buying it. I think it's done very well—it achieves what it set out to do without being really bad. I don't know who the singers are—they have a nice, bright, brilliant, brash sound.

I think it ought to score pretty well in jukeboxes, but I don't think it will get to be a hit. I think the male singing in the background is pretty bad. It's kind of out of tune. It's sort of reminiscent of the Andrews Sisters, the old things, but I think these are a little brighter and fresher sounding people. I'd rate it three stars.

Puerling: I think it's Jane Russell, Connie Haines, and Beryl Davis, who have decided to do the spirituals and things on records, and they're on Capitol now. I'd rate it three.

3. Charlie Parker, with Dave Lambert Singers. *Old Folks* (Verve).

Morse: I don't know who it is. I don't think it's any organized group, but they're doing a few Dave Lambertisms. That is another beautiful, touching song not done beautifully or touch-

ingly. They sound like good singers who didn't rehearse it enough and didn't try to perform it and maybe didn't care about the feeling of the song, but just tried to get the notes out so it wasn't absolutely a fiasco.

The saxophone seemed so inappropriate with that song. It seems to go along with that group; I mean it's on a par with them. Is the saxophone player a famous player?

Puerling: It sounded like a member of the Charlie Parker school. I've never liked that school—it's one of those out-of-tune, honking-type things. But it sounded suspiciously like the Dave Lambert singers.

Bob Strasen: I didn't like it, and I would come right out and put this record down as a very unfortunate approach to the tune, and it kind of makes me mad.

4. Kai Winding. *When the Red, Red Robin Comes Bob, Bob, Bobbin' Along* (Columbia). Solo passages by Winding, Carl Fontana, Wayne Andre, trombones, and Dick Lieb, bass trombone.

Strasen: I like everything about it very much. It's a happy, swinging feeling—well arranged and well performed. I think very possibly it's Kai Winding or maybe J. J. Johnson. I think maybe it's J. J. rather than Kai. I don't think it's both of them. I'd rate it four stars. (Puerling, Morse, and Burroughs agree.)

5. Roberta Sherwood. *Mary Lou* (Decca).

Puerling: That was Roberta Sherwood. Sometimes comebacks aren't the most desirable thing in show business, but I think this is one of the exceptions. To me she adds a very enjoyable style to the business these days.

It's a very hackneyed format for an arrangement, but I think she's capable enough of stylizing so that it comes off pretty well. She does a very creditable job, and I think she's sort of fun. I'd rate it three stars. (Strasen, Morse, and Burroughs agree.)

6. The Sax Section. *Solsville* (Epic). Sol Schlinger, baritone; Al Cohn, composer, arranger.

Burroughs: To begin with, it starts out with some interesting sounds, as sounds. Instrumentally, it has a kind of dingy-night-club flavor to it. I



the blindfold test

thought the solos could have been a little bit more imaginative.

When it started, I wanted to like it very badly, but I feel it sags in the middle because the solos are pretty usual. The feeling is nice, but musically they lack imagination. I do like the way the ensemble kind of swings out at the end. It has a nice moving, walking beat, and I'd give it 3½, maybe four stars. I don't know who it is. It has an Ellingtonian flavor to it.

Puerling: I think that there are so many of these groups—so many nondescript jazz groups (but it's probably going to turn out to be a gasser group by title). They really don't add anything except more and more music of a certain nature—it's of really little consequence.

7. Bobby Short. *Gimme a Pigfoot* (Atlantic). Recorded, 1955. Short, vocal and piano.

Morse: Wonderful! I don't know who the singer is, but I love her, whoever she is. I think it's Mitch Miller on piano! (laughter) . . . I really enjoyed that. I wish I knew more about that sort of music. I know nothing about it, but I enjoy it when I hear it.

It sounds like it was recorded a long time ago. The only person I can think of when I think of someone singing like that is Bessie Smith—not because I'm familiar with her work but because she has been written about as the mama of them all. It sounded as if she were just living it and making it up as she went along. It had a wonderful vitality. I thoroughly enjoyed it—I would like to rate it five stars.

Strasen: I'd rate it closer to three.

Burroughs: I would enjoy it more if I was really sure that it came out of an era and not just an imitation of an era. I would feel kind of cheated if they had recorded it about a month ago. Still it was fun. She had a real feeling for it, and whoever it was was sincere. I would rate it five.

8. The Five Keys. *This I Promise You* (Capitol).

Strasen: If I weren't on this particular *Blindfold Test* right now, I wouldn't even bother discussing it. I'll rate it one because there isn't anything less than that.

It made no impression on me at all. I would have turned it off if I had

neard it on the radio. The background I thought was very hackneyed, and it will probably sell a pile—but not to me.

Burroughs: I object to these watered-down things. I would prefer to hear a real stompin', swinging sincere triple-note beat, *Ra-da-da, da-da-da, da-da-da*... I would rather hear a group that plays in a dive and really sincerely plays this than to have the sweeping strings. It sounds so mathematical and so like a device—like "this is what we must give the public because that's what the public likes."

I can't understand how anybody on that session can condone it, but they put it out, I am sure, because of money, and it has nothing to do with music. I put it down the most!

Puerling: I was sort of curious because I think that's a rock and roll group that's trying to do a better level of rhythm and blues tunes. I think it's either the Diamonds or the Platters; probably the Diamonds.

Direct Hit

Chicago—At a recent cocktail party celebrating the arrival of the Dukes of Dixieland to the Preview lounge here, the discussion turned to air play of the Dukes' records. Suddenly, a large chandelier-like fixture fell from the ceiling and landed on the head of disc jockey Steve Schickel. Dazed for a moment, he recoiled and shouted, "All right, all right, I'll spin the records."

MANY YEARS AGO an unidentified fiddler, his tearful eyes on the silent screen, drew his bow across the strings of his violin and produced the remorseful strains of *Hearts and Flowers*. And as the trusted old servant slowly went to his eternal rest, with the help of our fiddler friend, hardly a dry eye was left in the house. This combination of sight and sound was the humble beginning of underscoring for films.

The advent of sound in pictures took our fiddler out of the pit and put him snugly next to the picture frame on the sound track. In his new home he proceeded to grow up with the movie industry until today he finds himself surrounded, in some cases by a symphony orchestra. His old stand-by, *Hearts and Flowers*, has been replaced by carefully tailored scores written by highly skilled composers. Our fiddler no longer watches the screen as he plays; this is now done by the screen composer, who, with stop watch and timing sheet, can send the trusted old servant to eternal rest with ever so much dignity and remorse.

The purpose of this column is to explain how the screen composer goes about his job of writing music for pictures. To those not engaged in the craft there is a certain mystery as to how this is done. I readily admit to having been completely in the dark on the subject until after I was actually working in the field. To illustrate, we will show

how the timing sheet is literally transformed into a musical sketch, which is later orchestrated for the combination of instruments required for the scene.

In a column of this type, I feel that a great deal can be covered by answering questions from you readers, I hereby issue a call to the many readers of *Down Beat* to send in your questions regarding film music. I will make every effort to answer you either in this column or personally by mail. Questions should be addressed to *On the Sound Track*—c/o *Down Beat*; 2001 Calumet Ave.; Chicago 16, Ill.

As we put this first column to bed, let's ask our fiddler friend for another chorus of *Hearts and Flowers*. This time let's give him a big hand, because he sure started something!

Henry Mancini

Henry Mancini, whose column *On the Soundtrack* begins in this issue, is a well-known composer, arranger, conductor, and pianist.

For the last five years he has been a staff composer-arranger at Universal Pictures Co., Inc., where he has contributed many film scores and compositions, including scores for the films *The Glenn Miller Story* and *The Benny Goodman Story*.

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Al Cohn And Zoot Sims

Personnel: Cohn, tenor, clarinet, baritone; Sims, alto, clarinet, and tenor; Teddy Kotick, bass; Bill Evans (subbing for Dave McKenna), piano; Nick Stabulis, drums.

Reviewed: Two sets in third week of six-week stand at Cafe Bohemia, New York.

Musical Evaluation: If anyone is looking for a free-swinging multicolored group, stop right here.

In Cohn and Sims, you'll find two mainstream hornmen whose middle name is swing. Although most of the blowing right now is being done on two tenors, the duo is varying its group sound by pairing clarinets or by setting Zoot's virile alto against Al's fluid but biting baritone.

On the sets caught, they teamed on clarinet for a number called *Two Funky People*. Although they seemed less comfortable wearing such straight instruments, they acquitted themselves nobly. Al's solo was as light and swinging as his touch on the tenor. Zoot's was rawer and as biting as his attack on tenor. They gave everyone a charge with the low flickering background they set up while Kotick soloed.

On *From A to Z*, Zoot blew alto and Al hefted baritone. Sims has become quite fluent on alto. The bite and drive he gets out of it is a source of excitement in itself. Cohn swings on baritone but not so fluently or consistently as on tenor.

On one original, the tenor blend was tight throughout the tricky theme. Zoot picked up the final figure and booted it nearly uptown during his choruses. Al's solo was smooth, but with rhythmic punch. During some fours passed around at the end, they showed a tight feeling for each other's ideas.

Audience Reaction: Attentive and favorable. The two-clarinet bit particularly intrigued the audience. Response was generous after solos.

Attitude Of Performers: Al's placid manner and Zoot's bustling energy complement each other onstand. They appeared to be having a ball.

Commercial Potential: Where the group goes after mid-July was not yet determined, but it will be heard on records. Several firms already have bid for LPs by them.

Summary: What can you say after you say they're swinging?

—dom

Miles Davis Quintet

Personnel: Davis, trumpet; Sonny Rollins, tenor; Paul Chambers, bass; Red Garland, piano; Art Taylor, drums.

Reviewed: Cafe Bohemia, New York, two sets midway in second week of two-week stand.

Musical Evaluation: I first heard Davis play in person at the Newport Jazz festival two years ago. At that time, I was amazed that any human could achieve such a distillation of pure sound from an instrument so often thunderous. If anything, Miles has gone on making his tone purer and purer until it now is the gentlest of

whispers when muted, and a subtle but somehow forceful and glowing sound on open horn.

He is ranging into exploration of dynamics as well as tone texture. On several of the originals, he built choruses expertly, one piece fitting neatly into the next, to a gleaming full shout, which, with Miles, is not loud but rather declarative. On other choruses, he would fall away to the subtlest of whispers, making of his solo line a vehicle as fleet and delicate as a glance.

Perhaps it is the forceful presence of Rollins in this group which is bringing out this burst of artistry in Miles. Surely, Rollins is of some effect on his leader. Sonny's choruses, too, are constructed with craftsmanship—now rough-edged and brimming with virility, now soft and nearly timid but always sure of footing and aimed at a goal constantly achieved before he takes his horn from his lips.

The third melodic voice in the group is Chambers, who always has sounded like a section on record. In person, his full-bodied tone brings him out of the rhythm section, and his melodic voice is felt constantly in ensembles and behind the horns.

Garland is flexible and strongly rhythmic in the group, and supple in solos. On *Diane*, for example, he varied the texture of his playing. From a longish line of dominantly right-hand phrases, he worked into a building series of powerful chords excitingly catalyzing to a logical climax.

In addition to standing alone as a fine solo, it perfectly set off Miles, who followed with short bursts of melody blown in his liquid muted sound. Taylor's often bombastic drumming was edited to the dimensions of the pace set by Miles.

One final comment: *Bye, Bye Blackbird*, long a sentimental favorite of mine, is as familiar a song as *Stardust*. But never have I heard it blown with such feeling and depth as by Miles, who, though muted, achieved more genuine emotional impact than many could with the fuller range of sound available on open horn.

Audience Reaction: A full house, rather unusual for midweek, remained remarkably quiet, and even more remarkably attentive to the group. The response was warm and sustained after each number, particularly after the solos.

Attitude Of Performers: The group is neat in appearance, and on the sets caught was quite businesslike, apparently absorbed in its work. Miles was in a buoyant mood, strolling down into the audience after his solos to chat with friends.

The lone failing of the group is in not announcing titles of tunes and thereby giving the audience a peg on which to focus its concentration. It might help album sales, too.

Commercial Potential: This group, now very good, could well become great. It has the talent necessary. It is booked to return to this location in July and to record for Columbia this summer.

Summary: Miles is increasing in stature as an artist. But while savoring

his playing, don't neglect the rest of the group. There is that much going on.

—dom

Ravinia Festival

Concert Lineup: The Duke Ellington orchestra—Clark Terry, Harold Baker, Willie Cook, Cat Anderson, Ray Nance, trumpets; Britt Woodman, Quentin Jackson, John Sanders, trombones; Johnny Hodges, Russell Procope, Jimmy Hamilton, Paul Gonsalves, Harry Carney, reeds; Jimmy Woode, bass; Sam Woodyard, drums; Ellington, piano; Ozzie Bailey and Jimmy Grissom, vocals, in the first of two Ellington concerts as a part of the Ravinia festival, Highland Park, Ill.

Ellington and Shakespeare came to Ravinia early in July.

The performance of Ellington's *Shakespearean Suite*—*Such Sweet Thunder* was the first since the work was debuted in Town hall in New York City late in April.

The suite consists of 12 segments: *Sonnet for Caesar*; *Hank Cinq*; *The Telecasters*; *Lady Mac*; *Sonnet for the Moor*; *Such Sweet Thunder*; *Sonnet for Sister Kate*; *Up & Down*, *Up & Down—I Will Lead Them Up & Down*; *The Star-Crossed Lovers*; *Madness and the Great Ones*; *Half the Fun*, and *Circle of Fourths*.

Ellington introduced each portion with appropriate lines relating the content to the Shakespearean inspiration, giving some validity to what might otherwise have been a somewhat disjointed work. In fact, much of the unity of the suite depends on the Shakespearean premise, rather than on any basically cohesive musical concept.

THERE IS AN individuality in each of the 12 segments. I was most impressed by *Up & Down*, during which Ellington rearranged the band's seating plan to achieve certain tonal effects. He did so by bringing together Hodges and Sanders, Carney and Terry, Hamilton and Gonsalves, and Procope and Nance (on violin). The interplay between these pairs was delightful, and the execution was precise, in terms of the "couples" established.

Lady Mac, as Ellington sees her, has "a little ragtime in her soul . . . so we have a jazz waltz for her." This section, after a piano introduction, consisted of interacting section figures, climaxed by a witty Terry solo. *Madness and the Great Ones* featured Jimmy Hamilton's clarinet and Anderson's way-upper-register orchestrated squeaks, both utilized effectively.

There are many provocative moments in *Such Sweet Thunder*: Woode's bass figures over two clarinets and baritone in *Sonnet for the Moor*; the dramatic, Bizet-like quality of the title section; the sophisticated medium-tempo pulse of *Half the Fun* (dedicated to Antony and Cleopatra). Throughout, the soloists—Woodman, Carney, Woode, Jackson, Gonsalves, Hodges, Hamilton, Anderson, played flawlessly.

THERE IS MUCH wit in *Such Sweet Thunder*. There are some fascinating insights into Shakespeare as well. Unfortunately, I felt that it was more a series of brief, independent statements than a well-constituted whole. Some of the statements are quite charming and several are moving, but I would have preferred something less than a 12-part suite in a limited amount of time. There are too many tantalizing moments, when the listener, teased by an

attractive theme, must remain frustrated by the brevity of the selection.

Such Sweet Thunder certainly is an ambitious project. In many ways, it is a successful one, I feel, however, that it is hampered by a desire to say too much in too little time. Ellington and Strayhorn have a good deal to say, and the band can fulfill their desires. Here they have been prevented from achieving complete communication by self-imposed restrictions.

The second half of the Ellington concert was devoted to more familiar material, beginning with a driving *The Hawk Talks*. Bailey sang several selections from *A Drum Is a Woman*. Woodyard grand-slammed through *Skin Deep*. Grissom sang *Flamingo, Do Nothin' Till You Hear from Me*, and *Rock City Rock*. Ellington, at the piano, led the band through a history of his own work, including *In a Sentimental Mood*; *Mood Indigo*; *Sophisticated Lady*; *Caravan*, and *Solitude*. The concert concluded with an encore performance of *Diminuendo and Crescendo in Blue*, with Gonsalves howling to a receptive audience.

Although this was not Newport '56, the usually staid audience was forcefully receptive. Woodyard's *Skin Deep* inspired shouts and extended applause. Each of the tunes in the *And Then I Wrote* medley drew considerable applause. And during Gonsalves' final blast, several dowagers were seen frenetically clapping their hands, joining the members of the band in keeping time. Ellington said "good night" to a chorus of persons bellowing "more."

—gold

feather's nest

By Leonard Feather

CAN THIS REALLY BE Los Angeles, or did somebody put up those palm trees in an elaborate attempt to hoax me?

The last time I was out here, there were so many aural delights beckoning me, so many reasons for staying up after 8 p.m., that it is my firm conviction I have been misdirected. At all events, the only tangible evidence of my last visit that still remains is the sunshine.

When I was out here in January, 1956, I spent a couple of pleasant evenings at Howard Lucroft's jam session-cum-forum shindigs in Jazz City. Now Jazz City is closed. I heard Bud Shank's quartet at the Haig; the Haig is closed. Shelly Manne's group was at the Tiffany; the Tiffany is closed. The Palladium was jumping nightly to name bands; now five nights a week the Palladium is closed. The Melody room, where Buddy Rich was playing, Zardi's where I caught Buddy DeFranco's quartet, and Zucca's and the Keynoter, both of which housed the Norvo combo and others of the same caliber, all are now dedicated to the conversion of Hollywood and environs into Squaresville, either with rock and roll or with no music at all worth speaking of.

THE NORMAL REACTION of any writer to a situation like this would be to spot a trend. Modern jazz is dying

in the City of the Angels, Dixieland is coming back, and so forth.

All the superficial indications point toward such a trend. One might even lead from here into the cliche deduction that jazz has no business being allied to the night clubs anyway and that we must protect it at all costs from the whisky drinkers.

Boloney.

Generalization is the curse of the writing class. Every time we see a few joints open up to jazz in one city, you read that good music is booming there; whenever a handful of clubs close in another, you learn that this is a moribund area for the new sounds.

Frankly, I feel that there is a large element of chance in the survival of any night club. The owner's knowledge of how to buy the right talent at the right price and the right time; the publicity, even the weather conditions, can make the difference almost overnight between boom and bust.

I DON'T BELIEVE the west coast is any hipper or any squarer than it was 18 months ago.

There are even affirmative signs: Chet Baker just followed George Shearing at Peacock Lane, Cal Tjader has opened Ciro's to jazz, the Lighthouse still jumps if you can make the 25 miles to Hermosa Beach, and Benny Carter is running an intimate jazz theater with Manne, DeFranco, Cain & Kral in the same show six nights a week.

Moreover, the recording activity out here seems to be at a new peak, with more labels and more sessions than you can keep track of.

The musicians are aware of these signs. Terry Gibbs has decided to make his home base in California, and there is no reason to suppose that he will do less here, in terms of prestige or material returns, than he did in New York.

Herbie Mann has spent some time out here, doing plenty of recording, but is returning east soon without having put in his Local 47 card. He has a good reason for his decision. To become a member of this local you have to report every Friday to the local, as if to a parole board, and they take up your 802 card and hold it to make sure you'll be a good boy and not skip town until your six-month waiting period is up.

WHEN HERBIE GETS back home, he'll probably conclude that jazz is firmly entrenched in Manhattan. Greenwich Village now has half a dozen clubs within a few blocks of each other; the midtown area is bustling with activity at Birdland, the Composer and even the Waldorf.

Of course, if they all do well and a dozen other clubs jump on the jazz wagon, the market will be spread too thin, and the spots will start folding up again and you'll be hearing about the terrible slump in New York jazz.

But it won't prove anything, any more than the temporary lull around Sunlight valley means that all hope is lost for the Los Angelinos. All you can say is that at the time of going to press, the Apple certainly seems to be the core.

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perspectives

By Ralph J. Gleason

We SHOULD ALL be deeply grateful to Leonard Feather for his review in the last issue of Miss Marilyn Moore's new Bethlehem LP which he rated at *********.

The reason, in case you did not read the review, is that Feather raised a vital artistic point concerning the esthetic value of a voice which bears a remarkable resemblance to that of another singer.

"For all we know, Marilyn may just happen to have been born with that quality in her voice; either way, the fact that the original article is available at its optimum on increasingly rare occasions nowadays makes it all the more desirable that a successor should arise," Feather remarks.

Now I do not know Miss Moore, and am in no position to judge whether or not she was born with that sound in her voice. I do know, however, from the evidence of my own ears, that she bears a resemblance to Billie Holiday ("she sings as if she were Billie Holiday's daughter" Feather says) that is positively frightening.

IF WE GRANT, as Feather suggests we should, that because an artist is no longer capable of delivering an optimum performance (for whatever reason), it is therefore not only proper but desirable that another artist should fill that void in as close a manner as possible, we are, I feel, supporting a thesis which gets us into trouble.

Bird is dead. Is it right and proper that his every tone, inflection, phrase, and idea be repeated endlessly by other alto players? Is it all right for an altoist to ape Bird's style in every way so that for a moment (but only for a moment, thank God) you hear him on the air and think it's Bird?

Bessie Smith and Ma Rainey are dead, too, and we have had at least one singer who has aped that style (Bessie's in particular) closely enough to have fooled men who worked with her. Is this right?

There seems to be no precedent for such faithful copying being esthetically worthwhile (and we are not really concerned here with whether or not Miss Moore is aping Billie; but rather with the fact that Feather says it's okay if she is).

FAR FROM BEING desirable in any way whatsoever, it seems to me that such a course is artistic suicide. And for a very simple reason. The better you get at it, the more you become somebody else and the less you are yourself. If you follow Feather's argument, it's okay to have artists copying Picasso, it's good to have El Greco's painted in Hollywood because El Greco is dead and can't paint any more.

No, it seems to me that no matter what personal pleasure the artist or the occasional listener may get from such a performance, the best it can possibly be is an imitation. It isn't even second rate. I would rather hear a bad singer who is at least individual

than a good one copying someone else. It is to be hoped, by the way, that Miss Moore achieves what she said on *Monitor*, she hoped she would achieve in time—an individual sound. THAT would be worth hearing.

devil's advocate

By Mason Sargent

THE BEAUTIFULLY SPOKEN WORD: Parts of the soliloquies of Molly and Leopold Bloom are brought to vibrant life by Siobhan McKenna and E. G. Marshall on *Ulysses* (Caedmon TC 1063 \$5.95), a recording that is a literary and artistic milestone. Whether or not you agree with, or recognize, the literary prowess of James Joyce, Miss McKenna's reading of some 10 pages of the stream-of-consciousness ending of the book can well stand alone as a delineation of a woman, now earthy, now longing, now tender . . . but ever a woman. The climax she attains at the close of the reading is almost unbearably lovely. A tribute to her, and to Joyce.

In the Decca *Parnassus* series, two recent entries are well worth noting: *The Fun-Makers—An Evening with the Humorists* (DL 9042) and *William*



Shakespeare: Immortal Scenes and Sonnets (DL 9041). The former, delivered variously by Arnold Moss, Raymond Edward Johnson, Alexander Scourby, and Jay Jostyn, include some spoken lyrics of Sir William Gilbert (from Gilbert & Sullivan's *Princess Ida, Pirates of Penzance*, and *H. M. S. Pinafore*); as well as some Lewis Carroll (*Father William* and *The Walrus and the Carpenter*), and *Casey at the Bat*. The piece de resistance, however, is Jay Jostyn (radio's *Mr. District Attorney*, remember?), delivering *Abdul A-Bul-Bul A-Mir . . .* Sir John Gielgud, Pamela Brown, Arnold Moss, and Raymond E. Johnson turn up variously on the Shakespeare disc. Gielgud and Miss Brown enact two episodes from *Romeo and Juliet*; Gielgud delivers three of "the" four *Hamlet* soliloquies, and the males take turns reading 17 sonnets. The readings are of highest caliber, and the collection should logically be included in secondary school and college English Lit courses.

FROM THE SOUL: The early Apollo 78 r.p.m. recordings made by Mahalia Jackson are available on Apollo LP 474, and include *In the Upper Room* (two parts), *Nobody Knows* (*The Trouble I've Seen*), *His Eye Is on the Sparrow*, *Walking to Jerusalem*, and *He's My Light*. Don't miss this collection.

PARTLY PIANO: Six charming, forceful (by turn), and demanding piano works are included in an M-G-M collection, *Music By Heitor Villa-Lobos* (Pan American Series, M-G-M E 3516), and performed by Leonore Engdahl

(Continued on Page 35)

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DON ELLIOTT's mid-Manhattan apartment is composed of a large living-sleeping room, a kitchenette, bath, and workroom.

Somehow, he manages to squeeze enough hi-fi and recording equipment into this space to serve his demands and still leave him room enough to unpack his mellophone when he practices.

In a corner of his living-bedroom is an Electro Voice SP-12 speaker enclosure, housing the big voice 12" speaker of his system.

The speaker is wired into a master control switch in the workroom, off which Don can channel sounds from any of his equipment.

In the workroom, Don has a handsome, built-in, book-record tape storage case, which he built himself. Across a lower shelf are strung a solidly mounted Bogen transcription turntable, a Pilotuner AM-FM tuner, and a Pilotone 15-watt amp and pre-amp.

ON A STAND across the small room, and tied into the Vidaire Hi-Fi remote speaker switcher control is a Concertone Custom Recorder. Directly above the recorder is a Norelco 8" monitor speaker. For recording use, Elliott has installed a Fen-Tone mike on a floor stand.

"This is really all the equipment I need right now," Don said. "What I'm mainly interested in is superimposing

voices and instruments. That's why I've got the Concertone. It's a double-track recorder and makes multiple-track recording easy for me."

He threaded a tape into the mechanism and played a commercial jingle in which he sang all the parts. It sounded like a hip choir.

Elliott chose his equipment slowly over a period of some five years, under guidance of the engineers at the Center Camera shop near his apartment.

"I knew what I wanted to do with the equipment," he said, "and they helped me go through a process of elimination until I found the equipment to fit my wants. It had to fit also my budget."

DON SAID HE dropped into the shop's sound lab and listened to tape recorders for more than a year before hitting on the Concertone as most adaptable to his multiple-track needs.

"I've been fooling with superimposing voices since 1946," he said. "It was pretty messy doing acetates in studios then. I had a Pentron tape recorder, and I really liked very much the Peer-Tone portable, but neither was flexible enough for superimposing.

"If I add any more equipment, it may be another amplifier and speaker, to use the Concertone as a stereo tape player."

Behind the gathering of this equipment, representing an outlay of more



Don Elliott

than \$1,000, is Elliott's aim of breaking into the commercial field for radio and television.

NOW HE'S WORKING with the Camera Center's engineers on a cabinet design which will house his Concertone and the amplifier in a portable console so he can roll it into the other room and use it with his piano or roll it out of his apartment to any location where he may want to make recordings.

"This equipment is particularly helpful with my voice lessons," he said, "I can sing what I think is right, then hear myself immediately. It's a big help in writing and arranging, too."

It also will help on his upcoming ABC-Paramount recording project: an album of multiple-track vocals in which Don will become his own version of the Hi-Lo's or the Four Freshmen. He's also working on being a one-man brass choir, now that he's picked up the valve trombone.

His job is practically all home work. —dom

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Chico Hamilton

(Continued from Page 13)

sational skill as well as technical facility.'

"I guess that's what I mean about some of the criticism of jazz music today. I'm afraid some writers aren't taking into consideration the human element that is involved. They expect us to play like some sort of machines and turn out nothing but that aspect of us that they like in big quantities."

A KNUCKLEBALLER was now throwing for the White Sox, with Cleveland holding a comfortable lead.

"They should have started him," Chico observed, again absorbed in the game and in the wild dips and flights the ball took in the short distance it traveled from pitcher's hand to catcher's glove.

"Those cats don't know what's happening," he chuckled, as a Clevelander swung in sickly fashion at a ball that almost hit his foot.

But that Chico is pretty hip as to what is happening is neatly evidenced by his ever-growing success (latest big exposure is in the current *Sweet Smell of Success* film starring Tony Curtis and Burt Lancaster) on all fronts. It would not surprise a lot of close jazz scene observers if he became the next big poll-sweeper, both group-wise and single-wise. He's on the move.

—jack

filmland up beat

By Hal Holly

FILMS IN REVIEW: *Sweet Smell of Success* (Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis, Chico Hamilton quintet. A Hecht, Hill, Lancaster-UA picture, produced by James Hill. Music scored and conducted by Elmer Bernstein.)

This film may well give pause to those with a predilection to devour the daily dirt dished out by the reigning gossip columnists. It is a deep dip into a slimy world peopled by uncompromisingly evil men, greedy, lascivious—a morass in which the columnist is master and the press agent his crawling lickspittle.

For p.a. Sidney Falco (Tony Curtis), success in the big city means daily space for his discontented clients in the mass-circulated pillar of J. J. Hunsecker (Burt Lancaster).

BUT HUNSECKER drives a hard bargain. As payment for printing items fed to him by Falco, he demands the press agent wreck a romance between his kid sister, Susan (Susan Harrison), and jazz guitarist Steve Dallas (Marty Milner). The flack tackles his job with relish. When the "friendly" approach fails, he plants a smear with another columnist, pimping a pretty cigaret girl's charms as a bribe, insinuating that Dallas is, so help us, a marijuana-smoking Communist sympathizer.

Dallas and his jazz group (the Hamilton quintet) are fired from a night spot as a result of the item—but the boy-girl affair continues. In desperation Hunsecker orders the press agent to frame the guitarist on a narcotics rap. "I want that boy taken apart," he says.

Falco manages to plant marijuana on Dallas, and the guitarist is picked up—on cue—by a couple of sycophantic vice squaddies. Falco returns in triumph to Hunsecker's lavish apartment to report a job well done only to stop Susan in a suicide attempt.

With his sister lying partially unclad and broken on her bed, the columnist enters, sees Falco in the room. Hunsecker accuses him of attempted rape and tosses the p.a. to his pet carnivores—the corrupt cops. Souring on Big Brother's success, little Susan runs off anyway, leaving the columnist alone in his tower with his typewriter, his power, and his neuroses intact.

ALL THE HAMILTON group are on camera, except John Pisano who plays soundtrack guitar for Milner. The boys even have a few lines and handle their bits with aplomb.

In several sequences the quintet is seen and heard playing onstand; they also furnish some of Bernstein's excellent, mood-catching underscore, reminiscent at times of his music for *The Man with the Golden Arm*. Conte Candoli, Frank Rosolino, and Curtis Counce are seen in a brief jam session scene.

The acting is superb, Curtis and Lancaster somehow credible as the two incredible heels. The screenplay by Clifford Odets and Ernest Lehman is adult and sharp. And what a blessed relief to see jazz musicians depicted as honest human beings.

In Lehman's original story there was no jazz combo, and the hero was a singer working single instead of a

guitarist. Be it to the producer's credit, therefore, that an important place was made in this film for an established modern jazz group such as Hamilton's.

ON AND OFF THE BEAT: Here are the Rodgers and Hart songs you'll hear in Columbia's *Pal Joey*: Frank Sinatra quite naturally bears the brunt of the warbling with *I Could Write a Book*; *Bewitched*, *Bothered*, and *Bewildered*, and *That Terrific Rainbow*—all from the original stage version—supplemented by *I Didn't Know What Time It Was*; *There's a Small Hotel*; *The Lady Is a Tramp*, *Zip* and *What Is a Man* are credited to Rita Hayworth, with Kim Novak drawing *Funny Valentine*.

Universal is perhaps sequel-happy. With production still in progress on *Summer Love* (a follow-up to *Rock, Pretty Baby*), the powers that be are reported mapping yet another teen opus in the same genre to roll in the fall.

Nat Cole has been inked to sing Johnny Green's title song for M-G-M's *Raintree County* to soundtrack behind the screen credits at the film's start.

PRESLEYANTICS: A gang of the Pelvis' pals (imported from points south to keep Presley company in the big city) recently had some facial improvements made with Elvis' blessing. Presley picked up the complete tab for 39 sets of teeth caps and one nose-bob. What remains to be done for pals away from home? Why, get them gigs in your latest movie. Two of Elvis' cousins and four chums have been assigned bit roles in M-G-M's *Jailhouse Rock*. Actor-singer Dean Jones has a featured role in the same picture. Podner, they ain't room for two live singers in this here corral.

Devil's Advocate

(Continued from Page 33)

with sensitivity and grace. The lyric *Suite Floral*, and the intense *Poema Singelo* are among the piano works, with *Choros No. 7* and *Bachianas Brasileiras No. 9* performed orchestrally. More to add to the growing recorded library of one of the most important contemporary composers in the Americas.

LIGHT, BUT MEATY: To the series of fine contemporary works commissioned by the Louisville orchestra, Rolf Liebermann's witty *School for Wives* has been added. Based upon the Moliere comedy *L'Ecole des Femmes*, the opera is highlighted by some fine orchestral writing . . . modern, but tempered back a few centuries by the use of a harpsichord and some passages of virtual *recitativo secco*. The plot is unwound with the aid of some glittering contrapuntal duets and trios, and the entire proceedings is opened by Moliere, who excuses himself for intruding, but expresses curiosity "to see how my play was turned into an opera for Louisville, Ky." On the Louisville orchestra commission series label, the three-sided work, I believe, is available only through the orchestra at Louisville. Check, because it's well worth it.

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radio and tv

By Will Jones

"NEXT SEASON," said my neighbor, Dewey Keppler, "there's going to be more new comics on TV than ever."

"That's not the way I hear it," I said.

"I know it's not," said Dewey. "You TV columnists keep clucking about the death of comedy on TV. You're so busy clucking you can't see what's happening."

"Tell me," I said, "What's happening?"

"First tell me," said Dewey. "What are they replacing the big comedians with?"

"Musicals and westerns," I said.

"Musicals and westerns," parroted Dewey. "You've swallowed the line good, like a columnist should."

"Oh?"

"MADISON AVE. is pulling a big coup," said Dewey, "and you and the rest of your colleagues have been sucked into the plot."

"How so?"

"It's your own fault," said Dewey. "Let a new comic come on TV, you start writing about whether or not he's funny."

"That's bad?"

"Everybody does it," said Dewey. "All right, so you're a comic! Make me laugh! That's the attitude. It's tough to face."

"So?"

"So they're not throwing any more comics to the wolf packs that way. Comics are hard to come by."

"Then where are we going to get all these new comics you're talking about for next season?" I asked.

"Next to comics," said Dewey, "who are the funniest people in the world?"

"I wouldn't know," I said.

"Musicians," said Dewey.

"You mean funny funny," I asked, or "odd funny?"

"FUNNY funny," said Dewey. "Migawd, man, don't you know any musicians? They're the funniest. Look at Victor Borge."

"BUT ARE YOU TRYING to tell me," I said, "that Pat Boone and Frank Sinatra and Vic Damone and Patti Page are all suddenly going to be revealed as brilliant new comic geniuses?"

"Revealed as brilliant new comic geniuses," aped Dewey. "That's talking like a columnist, all right. That's probably how you'll put it when it happens."

"Then you do think it's going to happen?"

"Not as crudely as you put it," said Dewey.

"How, then?" I asked.

"It almost happened with Perry Como," said Dewey. "They put him on the air as a singer, and then they got Goodman Ace to write the stuff he did between songs, and Como the personality suddenly got more attention than Como the singer."

"I wouldn't call him a comic, though," I said.

"There's Margaret Whiting," said Dewey.

"Kind of funny," I said.

"I think she's a scream," said Dewey. "And don't forget Phil Harris and Desi Arnaz."

"All isolated cases," I said.

"That's my point," said Dewey. "Those people seem to have just happened. But when they happen, they last. They don't wear out fast like comics."

"But you mentioned a plot," I said.

"SURE," SAID DEWEY. "Now Madison Ave. is going to make it happen. A guy comes on the air as a singer—say it's Pat Boone—and they slip him a funny line or two. He gets yucks, they give him more funny lines. Pretty soon it's everybody's personal discovery that Pat Boone is a funny guy. You columnists flip your lids over him. Nobody expects him to be funny, he seems that much funnier. The kid's set."

"And what if it doesn't happen?" I asked.

"He can still sing for a living," said Dewey. "He can't be called a has-been for something he was never supposed to be. He's got it made either way."

"If what you say is true," I said, "there must be hordes of comedy writers secretly at work on the new fall musical shows."

"Exactly," said Dewey. "It's the thing. I hear they're even going to start slipping some of Jack Pearl's old material to Lawrence Welk."

(Will Jones' column, *After Last Night*, appears daily in the Minneapolis Tribune.)



book review

(THE LIVING END by Frank Kane, Dell First Edition, A 142, 25 cents, 187 pp.)

In this novel of the Tin Pan Alley jungle, whodunit author Kane propels a rather wooden heel from an aspiring songwriter to king of the disc jockeys.

Eddie Marlon is first seen trying to peddle a song constructed from the best parts of several top pops. He progresses to assistant to a morning disc jockey in the days when record shows were few and programming was brisk and intelligent.

Marlon becomes the fall guy for the station owner in a particularly sordid affair and as a result gains his own afternoon record show and a crack at the payola he could only partly collect as a disc jockey's assistant.

Still climbing, Marlon collects women, more payola, and song royalties and becomes the promoter of concerts at which talent appears or becomes blacklisted on his shows, etc., etc. He even forms a national DJ syndicate which can make hits out of covers by concert plugs. But he is toppled from his throne when a singer who refuses to jump when he pulls the string tells his story to a newspaper and U. S. tax officials.

As a story, it's not much. But as a picture of what goes on behind the nation's microphones and jukeboxes, it's pretty frightening.

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Down Beat

the hot box

By George Hoefer

IT IS USUALLY TRUE that artistic creativity varies with environment. Jazz

expression is a highly individualistic art and derives from a multiplicity of environmental scenes.

It is not expected that the voice of human emotion coming from, say, the late Bunk Johnson will bear close resemblance to the feelings emanating from Maynard Ferguson's trumpet. This is a factor that makes jazz the great music it is, that on the common ground of jazz improvisation against a rhythmic framework, each individual artist can give his own interpretation of the art.

The above does not mean that it is impossible for a musician of one environment to have a deep understanding and appreciation of another musician whose background, training, and environment is entirely different from his.

There is nothing new under the sun, and it is perfectly logical for a 1957 artist to come upon the work of a 1900 artist and find the inspiration and key to his own desires for expression.

THIS COLUMNIST recalls a night back in Chicago when the above ideas were brought out in vivid perspective by a young, studious-looking jazz pianist named Donald Tyson Ewell. Don was in Chicago with the 1946 Bunk Johnson Jazz band and had come down to my lair on his night off to listen to records.

That evening was by no means Don's introduction to Jelly Roll Morton, for he was definitely on a Jelly Roll kick, and it was a revelation to watch the impact and to hear the comments he made as he auditioned one Morton side after the other.

Don was the only member of the Johnson band who did not have the pioneer New Orleans jazz background. His piano sparked Bunk's band because Bunk himself insisted he hold that all-important spot with his group.

EWELL'S BACKGROUND was Baltimore, Md., where he was born in 1916, and had studied classical music. While attending high school he won scholarships, both in music and art, which culminated in study at the Maryland Institute of Fine Arts based on his drawing talent and the Peabody conservatory, where he majored in composition and harmony. He was a youth with varied talents but no definitive goal.

Jazz came into Don's life from his older brother, a trombonist, who once played with the Casa Loma band. His early influences on jazz piano came from Earl Hines and Joe Sullivan. Then he went into the service during World War II and wound up playing a modern jazz piano and a good one.

Ben Lincoln of Collector's Item Records heard him at a service center in Milwaukee and said he was playing "repop." That was still at a time

when the label bop hadn't been firmly established.

In the service, Don heard the first Bunk Johnson records, and they really made an impression on him. When he was discharged, he rushed to New York City to hear the Johnson band at the Stuyvesant Casino. While there one night he was asked to sit in and was immediately taken under Bunk's wing.

EWELL HAD FOUND his mode of expression and soon was composing and playing toward a dedicated goal. He studied the playing of James P. Johnson, Jimmy Yancey, and Morton's records and soon found that he belonged to the Morton vein. He has an understanding and knowledge of Jelly Roll that surpasses that of any jazz musicologist or critic.

The Hot Box hopes this column will be a worthwhile introduction for many to a fine 12" LP on Good Time Jazz L-12021 called *Music to Listen to Don Ewell By*. It includes Don's solo piano

on *I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me; Squeeze Me; Blues Improvisation*, and *You Took Advantage of Me*.

There also is Ewell's trio, made up of Darnell Howard, clarinet, and Minor Hall, drums, who with Don, do *South Side Strut; A Monday Date; Love Me or Leave Me; Bush Street Scramble; Old-Fashioned Love; Parlor Social; Gee, Baby Ain't I Good To You? and My Honey's Lovin' Arms*. The music is topped off with high fidelity by one of the ace recording engineers in the country, Roy DuNann.

All the sides were made in three informal sessions in an old dance hall with natural acoustics in Oakland.

This is a prime example of how a thorough knowledge of jazz, its roots and progress, can make for worthy listening. Ewell preserves the older ideals and yet is influenced by his own modern conceptions. Ewell is no imitator but a latter-day artist, who embellishes and reinterprets, and keeps alive the pure jazz strains.

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By Ray Ellsworth

PERSONS WHO THINK the element of inspired lunacy has retired from modern music are invited to direct their attention to the work of Henry Brant.

The Canadian-born composer, currently on the staff of the Juilliard school, is a perfectly wonderful fugitive from the norm whose audacities are in the grand manner, "awe-inspiring," to quote Henry Cowell, "cataclysmic, spine-tingling," and who may yet make big history in music if audiences let him live through his next concert.

Brant has had a quixotic career. He is a former pupil of George Antheil (which figures); was once a storm center because of his "oblique harmony" concept (since abandoned); was a professional dance band arranger (for Andre Kostelanetz and Benny Goodman, among others), was a studio musician for ABC and NBC; a composer of serious documentary film scores; an arranger for Alec Templeton's famous *Bach Goes to Town* piece, and now is an instructor of the young at a responsible institution.

HIS MUSIC REFLECTS the man. To illustrate Brant, one need only list some of the compositions he is responsible for: *The Great American Goof*, a ballet score, script by William Soroyan (who else?); *Variations for Any Four Instruments*, the latitude of which, considering Brant's conception of what constitutes a musical instrument, is breathtaking; a piece called *The Marx Brothers* for solo tin whistle and chamber orchestra; *Whoopee in D Major*, for orchestra; *Double-Crank Handorgan*, for two pianos—I suggest you let your imagination play around with that one a while; *Strength Through Joy in Dresden*, for oboe, saxophone, and piano; *Crying Jag* for dance orchestra; *Fish Overture*, for performance on Fridays, and *5 & 10-Cent Store Music* for violin, piano, and kitchen hardware (skillets, alarm clocks, etc.). There also are many routine things, such as his *Symphony in B Flat* (1945), which has been recorded on ARS-8 as his *Symphony No. 1*, which it is not.

Brant's big influence has been Charles Ives, and recently he has occupied himself with stereophonic music (music that is stereophonic before it reaches a recording studio), which carries on one of the pet concepts of his idol—six or more things going on at once in different parts of a concert hall which may or may not be co-ordinated.

This stuff requires conductors who can operate as well with flying coat-tails as with agile arms, but Brant seems to find them.

HIS MAGNUM OPUS to date is a *Grand Universal Circus*, in three acts and numerous scenes, which has its chorus, soloists, and orchestra players popping up all over the theater at once in his usual manner but on a colossal scale this time.



The first act, *Paradise*, set in the Garden of Eden, was performed last May at Columbia University, and it has me in a real lather to experience the rest of it.

A description of this piece defies the space at my disposal, but a few details about it will enflame your appetite if you are one of us. The first act has eight scenes, prefaced by a spoken prologue which ends with the words: "The Grand Universal Circus is about to begin!"

Some of the orchestral "instruments" to be used, in addition to ordinary ones, are flutes, piccolos, slide whistles, boat whistles, mouth sirens, a lion roar, a wind machine, klaxons, two hand organs, one rifle, two electric buzzers, and bulb horns arranged chromatically.

ON CUE, 32-part polyphony is heard from the chorus (in the balcony), and from all parts of the auditorium the entire body of performers enters to circus music. The chorus consists of 32 persons individually singing different songs about the Creation.

In Scene 2, above the background of boat whistles, the chorus sings echos, and soloists intone a cataloging of prehistoric human remains, plus a blues song based on a recipe for universal soup.

In Scene 3, the chorus, divided, shouts rhythmically like a football cheering section, with interruptions from pre-Christian liturgy.

In Scene 4, a soprano, from the balcony, and accompanied by harps, sings a song on a poem by Lucretius, and at the end of each phrase a speaker on stage translates the line.

In Scene 5, we see the devil (as a traveling salesman), Eve, and three virgins; the accompaniment is to the bulb horns, Eve singing hysterical coloratura, the Devil luscious bel canto, and imposed on the whole is carnival music in the orchestra and a whistling chorus.

The finale (of the exodus) is something: two on-stage announcers shouting multilingual official travel instructions; the chorus, accompanied by wind machine and lion roar, sings simultaneously of different earthly destinations; mouth sirens are played in four-part counterpoint with the electric buzzers.

But why go on? Wonderful, what? Just wonderful.

Chris Crossed

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Dave Brubeck

(Continued from Page 19)

Bobby Ross comes running around the piano, and he starts singing *Body and Soul*, and to this day he won't admit he left out two bars!"

THEN IN THE spring of 1949, the Brubeck octet was presented in a concert at the Marines Memorial theater in San Francisco by Ray Gorham.

The octet had been a rehearsal band all along and never actually a working unit until several years later when it played a series of Sunday afternoon sessions at the Black Hawk. At the Marines concert, disc jockey Jimmy Lyons heard the group and flipped.

The next morning he went in to the office of the KNBC program director and talked him into a new program, *The Lyons' Busy*, to start that fall featuring Lyons and a trio led by Brubeck. It was the first live modern jazz show on radio in the west.

Brubeck, in addition to the Lyons' show, began teaching a course in jazz history at the University of California extension school. At this time also, his two articles on jazz appeared in *Down Beat*, reprinted from the Local 6 Music News.

The fall of 1949 was very important for Brubeck. Not only did his trio start its first regular job—at the Burma lounge in Oakland, where they were to stay until April, 1950—but they also were heard regularly on KNBC and cut their first records, for trombonist Jack Sheedy's label, Coronet (later changed to Koronet).

LYONS ARRANGED for the record date, and later when the Sheedy firm had difficulties, an arrangement was worked out which begat Fantasy. Sheedy had pressed his records at Circle Record Co., the only custom record-pressing plant in the area. Sol and Max Weiss, the proprietors, took over the Brubeck masters and started Fantasy with Brubeck as a partner in his own sides.

He never owned Fantasy nor was he involved in the recording of any other artists. In fact, the original plan was for Fantasy to record only Brubeck.

In August, 1950, the group made its first appearance outside of town—a date at Salt Lake City for disc jockey John Brophy—and then returned to the Black Hawk in San Francisco. All this time, Lyons on his nightly radio show was plugging Brubeck and the Fantasy records heavily. The KNBC signal is 50,000 watts, clear channel, and soon an audience for Brubeck rose throughout the west.

IN THE SPRING of 1951 Brubeck broke up the trio, which then included Jack Weeks and Cal Tjader. Dave's next step was to form a quartet with Paul Desmond, who, meanwhile, had

been playing with Alvino Rey at the St. Francis hotel. This was the group which, on its eastern tour later that year, was so successful.

In the next two years Brubeck zoomed to national importance with his Fantasy records selling better than any jazz albums had yet sold, his personal appearances in clubs and concerts drawing full houses. During this time he made a conscientious effort to play college concerts because he sensed an audience there. This ultimately paid off, and Brubeck probably has played more colleges than any other jazz group.

BY THE BEGINNING of 1954, the jazz boom had caught the attention of the major record companies. Brubeck was bombarded with offers to depart from Fantasy. One company offered as high as \$5,000 an album, and another offered guarantees of concerts totaling \$30,000. The *Jazz at Oberlin* and *Jazz at the College of the Pacific* Fantasy LPs had created a national stir in the record business, and everyone wanted in.

Brubeck signed with Columbia, and his first two LPs for that label, *Jazz Goes to College* and *Brubeck at Storyville*, were hits. Then came the *Time* magazine cover and his coast-to-coast tour with Gerry Mulligan, Stan Getz, and Duke Ellington.

But before the days of plenty, there were days of famine during which the group played for scale and the Brubeck family traveled on the road with him, living in trailer courts and furnished rooms. Later, when the money came, there were compensations, but it was still a grind, sometimes with jumps of 1,000 miles a night on the college tours.

Is Brubeck surprised that he has made it so big? He replies:

"I remember telling my wife when we were discussing how I would make a living at jazz in 1946, that I could be one of the outstanding pianists in the country if I were in New York or some place where I could be heard. That's how I felt."

ON THE OTHER HAND, Dave now says, "For years I thought only in terms of wishing I could get a job for scale. And if I had it all to do over again, that's all I'd want. I can truthfully say that.

"The tremendous strain I had to put my wife and family and myself and the kids under to arrive where I am. It's too much. I think that anybody who arrives in jazz has to have more courage per unit of success than in any other profession.

"I would prefer to be a part of one community, accepted, and with a job in a joint and not have to put the emotional strain on myself and my family that this has taken. I would prefer not the feast or the famine, but to be an average part of society." (This is the second of three articles.)

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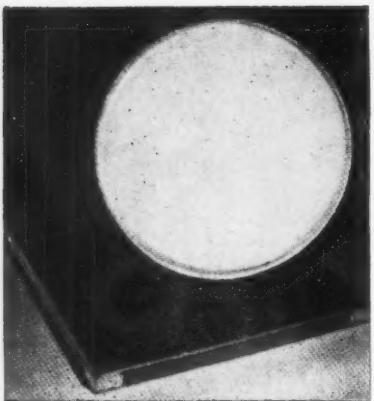
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(Continued from Page 8)

their own network TV shows on NBC-TV next fall. Peggy may alternate Saturday nights with **Dean Martin** . . . **Frankie Laine** was scheduled to help **Nat Cole** preem his half-hour TV on NBC early in July . . . **Mickey Rooney** will become **Pinochio** on NBC-TV Oct. 13. Yes, it's a musical version . . . Liggett & Myers reconsidered, then renewed the **Spike Jones** TV show for another season on CBS-TV . . . ABC-radio's **Man About Music** continues to schedule jazz and pop artists on its weekday 2:30 to 4:30 p.m. spot. Early in July **Woody Herman**, **Ray Anthony**, and **Ray Conniff** sat in for chatter and record spins . . . Perseverance pays off: Several New York City radio stations have set up auditions for **Mort Fega**, the lone AM radio jazz spinner within a whopping distance of the nation's "music capital."

Chicago

JAZZ, CHICAGO-STYLE: The **Dizzy Gillespie** band is reading a diversified book to Blue Note audiences. Diz and his merry men will be in town until Aug. 4, departing to make way for the arrival of **Bobby Hackett's** group and **Carmen McRae** and her capable trio . . .

The **Oscar Peterson** trio is concluding its London House booking to make way for the arrival of the imitable **Erroll Garner** and his concerts by the steaks. Garner will be in command through August, with **Andre Previn** scheduled to take over Sept. 4 . . . **Ed Higgins'** trio continues at the London House on Monday and Tuesday and at the Cloister inn on Wednesday and Thursday . . . The **Chico Hamilton** quintet winds up its Modern jazz room booking to make way for the return of the mighty, the **Max Roach** quintet. The **Dukes of Dixieland** continue at the downstairs Preview lounge.

Martha Davis and Spouse will be delighting Mister Kelly's audiences until July 30, when pianist-singer-composer **Bobby Troup** arrives. He'll be joined by **Dick Marx** and **Johnny Frigo** on Monday and Tuesday, as is the Kelly custom. Troup will be in town until Aug. 25 . . . The **Australian Jazz Quintet** is at Robert's until Aug. 4 . . . **Jack Teagarden** is due at the Brass Rail on Aug. 18 for four weeks . . . **Leon Sash**'s quartet currently is at Sleepy's in Kenosha, Wis. for a one-week engagement.

Owners **Jerry Gales** and **Marty Allen** of the SRO are looking for an enterprising musician to supervise their jazz workshop. Singer **Frank D'Rone** has joined the permanent crew at the SRO. The **Ramsey Lewis** trio has departed the SRO for a five-night job at the Cloister Inn, replacing Jean Hoffman's trio . . . **Joe Segal**'s sessions at the Casino no ballroom continue, with **Lester Young** recently occupying the featured spot. **Woody Herman**'s band is set for an Aug. 18 Casino appearance, and **Bud Powell** is slated to return soon.

ADDED NOTES: **Sammy Davis Jr.** will be at the Chez Paree until Aug. 20 . . . **Sally Blair** concludes her Black Orchid booking Aug. 7, to make way for the arrival of comedian **Larry**

Storch. **Frances Faye** has been booked for a return trip to the Orchid for six weeks beginning Sept. 10.

The current bill at the Empire room of the Palmer House includes the **Trio Schmeed**, **Prof. Backwards**, and the **Bob DeVoy** dancers. The unquestionably incomparable **Hildegarde** returns Aug. 8 for four weeks, and local singer **JoAnn Miller** is slated to head the Empire bill beginning Sept. 5 for four weeks . . . **Martha Schlamme** and **Bob Gibson** are concluding their Gate of Horn appearance. A new show, with **Gibson** remaining, will include **Marilyn Child**; it's set for a July 31 opening.

Hollywood

JAZZNOTES: Most graphic commentary yet on the current Hollywood jazz famine is the decision by altoist **Art Pepper** to leave L.A. for Las Vegas—and commercial music work in the gambling mills. Pepper's last date was three weeks at the Peacock Lane. That was last month—and he hasn't worked since. After a three-month waiting period for his Vegas union card, during which he is permitted to play only casuals, Pepper can then take steady work.

Jack Webb is planning a **Pete Kelly's Blues** NBC-TV series and reportedly trying to get **Bob Crosby** for the title role if Crosby can get a release from his CBS commitments. Another possibility is **Bobby Sherwood**.

Helen Hill, sister of the late **Victor Young**, withdrew her lawsuit against Young's longtime manager, **Jack Birotteau**, because, she said, since filing the suit she has learned that Young provided for her by means other than the oral trust agreement concluded before he died . . . Detroit drummer **Jerry McKenzie** replaced **Reed Vaughan** in the Stan Kenton band . . . **Jerry Fielding** is resuming his Monday night band concerts at the Crescendo starting July 29 . . . The **Paul Bley** quartet hopped up to Denver to open a new jazz room there, Sonny's. The Bley boys precede **Art Blakey** at the spot and return to Hollywood to make KABC-TV's **Stars of Jazz** show Aug. 26 before which they return to the Hillcrest Club on Washington.

NITERY NOTES: Art Blukeley belts at the Peacock Lane, only fulltime Hollywood jazzspot, until Aug. 4 . . . **Cal Tjader's** Ciro's booking may set a jazz policy for the Strip room . . . Midsummer madness has set in at both the Lighthouse and Hermosa Inn down at that beach, with things swinging as never before to the modern sounds of **Howard Rumsey's All-Stars** and **T. Riley's Saints'** Dixie beat . . . **Ronnie Ball** and **Warne Marsh** looked likely to open at the Hillcrest 'round about presstime . . . The Sunday morning sessions at the eastside Digger were at last report being led by altoist **Ray Graziano**, with **Ronnie Ball**, piano; **Dennis LaPron**, drums; and **Don Greif**, bass, in the rhythm section . . . **Dave Brubeck** quartet was slated to follow **Perez Prado** into the Crescendo; then **Anita O'Day** and the **Chico Hamilton** quintet; then the **Stan Kenton** band. The **Dave Pell** octet still onstand making with the dance sounds . . . Also making with dance sounds in a different groove is the **Eddie Bergman** band at the Statler's Terrace room where E.B.'s Dixie

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—tynan

San Francisco

Cliff Johnson (Cactus Jack) going on KVSM San Mateo with a Dixieland disc show on Sunday evenings . . . Fran O'Neill from the Jazz Workshop featured on the new Don Sherwood TV show on KGO-TV . . . Bob Mielke's Bearcats playing weekends at the Pioneer Village in San Lorenzo whilst Bob Scobey's band is at the Pioneer Village in Lafayette. Clyde Pound is the new pianist with Scobey . . . Ralph Sutton now playing at the Danville hotel . . . Sanford Neibauer has left the Bay City Jazz Band . . . Joe Dodge, ex-Brubeck drummer, now working as a furniture salesman and doubling nights with Bill Autrey's band at the Ali Baba . . . Herman Clark's Five Poets of Jazz did a week at the Black Hawk prior to the Jazz Messengers. Band featured Cedric Heywood, piano; Dick Williams, trumpet; Bobby Ross, drums, and Bob Lewis, bass.

Nat Cole drew 6,000 people and grossed \$18,000 at the Frisco civic auditorium June 30 with the Hi-Lo's, Nelson Riddle, and June Christy . . . Harry Belafonte used a mixed band for his Opera House date, an unheard of thing in that locale.

—ralph j. gleason

Philadelphia

Maynard Ferguson played a week at Pep's recently, his second appearance there within several months. He also appeared at Red Hill in May . . . Ralph Marterie was in for a one-niter at the Sunnybrook ballroom . . . Billy Root, back home after stints with Dizzy Gillespie and Stan Kenton, is playing tenor with Glenn Gale's big band . . . The Showboat, back on rhythm and blues kick, featured Red Prysock . . . Vaughn Monroe, far from his band-leading days, sings the role of a Wild West sharpshooter in Brandywine Music Box production of *Annie Get Your Gun* . . . Rock LaRue played week at Bandstand . . . Chuck Laskin is featured at Sunset Beach ballroom, Almonessen, N. J.

—dave bittan

Washington, D. C.

Jazz took an unexpected, welcome summer upswing here in mid-June. A free concert at the outdoor Watergate drew 7,000 persons June 19. Highlights were Charlie Byrd's unamplified guitar solos, the shouting set played by THE Orchestra and a combo led by Jack Nimitz, which featured five strings . . . A package of Louis Armstrong's band, the Erroll Garner trio and Kid Ory and Jack Teagarden played six days at the Carter Barron amphitheater. Opening night it was standing room only, and crowds were good on the following

arrangement of Royal Garden Blues is a welcome lift to the usual run of dinner/dance music.

ADDED NOTES: The Sunday afternoon sessions at the Galleon Dana Point, about six miles below Laguna Beach, are under the guidance of pianist Joe Albany . . . Eddie Marcellus is the new marine pianist on KNXT's USMC Sunday teleshow. It's on from 1:30 to 2 p.m. and hosts a generous share of jazzmen . . . The Cal Tjader quintet is set to cut a *Porgy & Bess* suite for Fantasy.

—tynan

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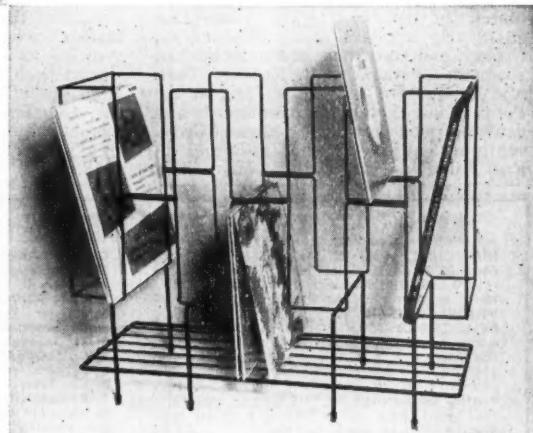


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evenings. A highlight was the reunion of Teagarden and Armstrong on **Rockin' Chair**. Teagarden was superb in his set with a Dixieland band that included Max Kaminsky, Peanuts Hucko, Lou Stein, Jack Lesberg, and Cliff Leeman.

A new jazz room, the 2011 club, opened in the Dunbar hotel. Hamp Hawes and Oscar Pettiford were the first attraction, followed by Kenny Burrell . . . Bobby Hackett joined the Dixie crew at the Bayou for one night July 3 . . . Erskine Hawkins played a week in June at the Ko-Ko club . . . Bill Potts is at the Merryland club with a trio that includes John Beal and Fred Merkle. —paul sampson

Pittsburgh

The Leon Sash quartet wound up a successful three weeks at the Midway lounge . . . The big news here is that the **Woody Herman** and **Count Basie** bands and the **Kai Winding** septet will make two-night appearances each at the **Copa** in late July. The club will only be open Friday and Saturday nights while alterations are being made. This will mark the first time that a big band has played the **Copa** . . . **Bobby Negri** and quartet have moved into the Sportsmen's lounge in McKees Rocks. Bob has **Frank LaMarck** on tenor . . . The **Vince Lascheid** trio appears every Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at the Suburban room in Dormont . . . **Tommy Turk** and his quartet are still wailing at the Point View hotel in Brentwood and drawing good crowds . . . **Mickey Greco** continues at the Merry-Go-Round in East Liberty. —bill arnold

Detroit

The **Barry Harris** trio was featured here in a recent concert at the Alhambra theater . . . **Duke Ellington** and **Stan Kenton** were involved in a "battle of the bands" at the Graystone Outdoor Gardens in July . . . Trombonist **Curtis Fuller**, who recently returned from New York, was featured at Klein's Show bar for two weeks with **Yusef Lateef**'s house band . . . **Jeri Southern** is due to open at Baker's Keyboard lounge July 29 . . . After his engagement at the Rouge lounge, **Terry Gibbs** disbanded his unit. He is heading for the west coast where he said he hopes to organize a big band. **Rose Murphy** followed him into the room.

—donald r. stone

Montreal

Bill McAuley's sextet now broadcasts from Ottawa every Saturday at 7 p.m. on the CBC trans-Canada network . . . **Noel Talarico**'s band is at the Mont Gabriel club in the Laurentians every weekend this summer . . . The **Add 4's**, a vocal group from the CBC-TV **Denny Vaughan Show**, played a week at the Bellevue Casino recently, making a guest appearance on the **Jimmy Tapp** television show while here . . . Calypso-ist **Lady Mimi Foresterie** was at Dagwood's at the end of June . . . **Johnny Mathis**, who gradually seems to be growing as a money-making attraction, was at the Circus lounge of the Ottawa House hotel in Hull at the end of June . . . **Guy Lombardo**'s band will have a five-day stand at the opening of Montreal's new Queen Elizabeth hotel in 1958. —henry f. whiston

Toronto

The Town tavern, the only consistent jazz spot in this town now, featured **Buddy Greco**, **Sonny Stitt**, and **Stan Getz** during July . . . The **Mike Snow** jazz group is playing at La Coterie on weekends. The rest of the week this room features calypso singer **Don Jose** . . . **Jimmy McPartland** played a surprise date at the Elliott hotel . . . **Moe Koffman** is playing Saturday at George's Spaghetti house. **Moe's** new album on Jubilee is selling exceptionally well in this area . . . **Pat Riccio** is leading a new band at the Jubilee in Oshawa on weekends . . . The House of Hambourg is featuring the groups of **Hagood Hardy** on Fridays, **Norm Amadio** on Saturdays, and **Ron Collier** on Sundays. **Guitarist Ed Bickert** is featured in all three groups at this spot. —roger feather

Whaling

Washington, D. C.—Some 4,000 persons sat through a torrential downpour coupled with 60-mile-an-hour winds to listen to equally soaked Erroll Garner and his trio at a concert in Carter Barron amphitheater here late in June.

Emcee Willis Conover, noting that Garner paused from time to time to mop the piano keys with a towel, told the audience, "Erroll's recent album was titled *Concert by the Sea*. His next will undoubtedly be called *Concert Under Water*."

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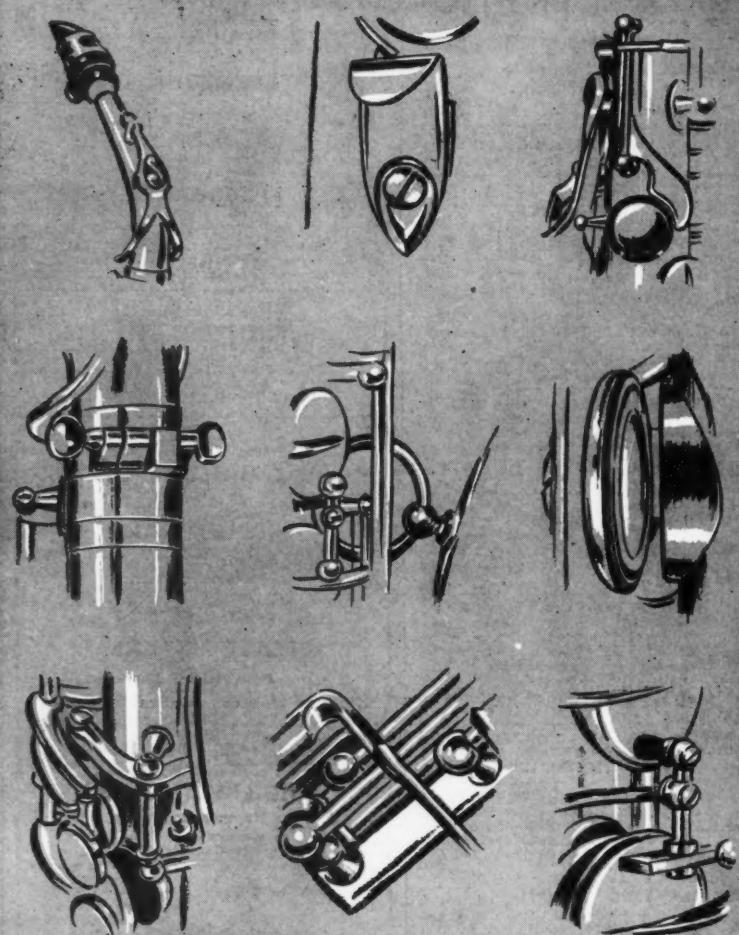
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